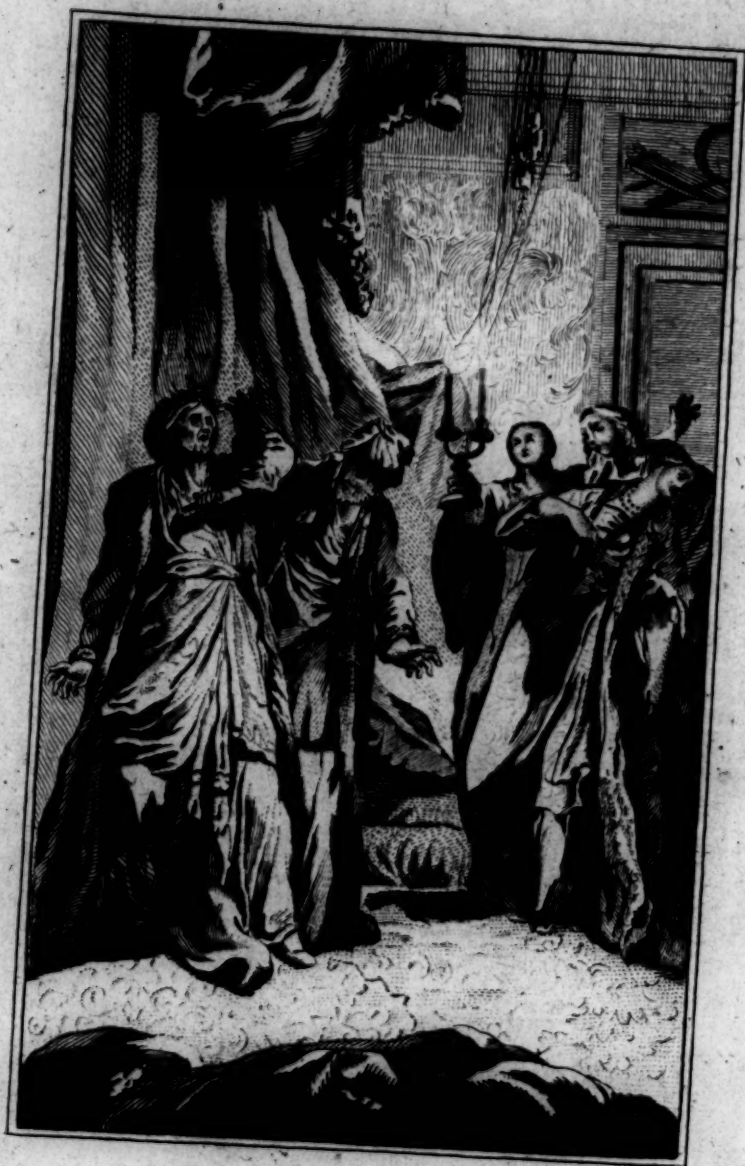




ZARA.

THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
NOTES, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,
AND EXPLANATORY.

By T. FRANCKLIN, D.D.
Chaplain to his Majesty, and late Greek Professor in
the University of Cambridge.

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.
AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION.
VOLUME XXIX.

L O N D O N,
Printed for S. CROWDER, T. LONGMAN, J. WILKIE,
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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF

MR. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. V.

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MR. DE VOLT

VOL. 1

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE who are fond of literary anecdotes may perhaps be glad to know how this piece came into the world. Several ladies had censured the author for not putting love enough into his tragedies; his answer to them was, that he did not think tragedy the proper place for it; but since it was absolutely necessary that heroes shou'd be in love, he wou'd make his like other people's.---This piece was finish'd in eighteen days: it is call'd at Paris, the **CHRISTIAN TRAGEDY**, and often play'd in the room of * *Polyeucte*.

* A sacred Tragedy by Peter Corneille, and one of his best performances.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSMAN, Sultan of Jerufalem.

LUSIGNAN, a Prince of the Blood of the antient
Kings of Jerufalem.

ZARA, } Slaves of the Sultan.

FATIMA, }

NERESTAN, } French Gentlemen.

CHATILLON, }

ORASMIN, } Officers of the Sultan.

MELIDOR, }

A SLAVE,

ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, the Seraglio at Jerufalem.

Z A R A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Z A R A, F A T I M A.

F A T I M A.

I LITTLE thought to see the lovely Zara,
 In all the pride of youth and beauty, thus
 Calm and resign'd submitting to her fate :
 What sweet delusive hope hath pierc'd the cloud
 Of grief that hung upon thee, and reviv'd
 Thy drooping heart ? this peace of mind hath giv'n
 New lustre to thy charms : no longer now
 Thy eyes are bath'd in tears, no longer seek
 Those blisful climes where brave Nerestan promis'd
 To guide our steps ; thou talk'st not, as of late
 We heard thee, of those seats of happiness
 Where women reign, by willing slaves ador'd,
 The queens, the idols of a polish'd people,

B 2

Tho'

Tho' free yet chaste, and wise tho' unrestrain'd,
 For social converse fit, and not to fear
 Indebted for their virtue: sigh'st thou, Zara,
 No more for this gay land of liberty?
 See'st thou within these solitary walls
 Aught that is lovely? is the name of slave
 So grateful now, that to the banks of Seine
 Thou woud'st prefer the gloomy Solyma?

Z A R A.

We cannot wish for joys we never knew:
 'Twas heav'n's supreme decree to fix us here;
 Custom hath made restraint familiar to me:
 I look not now beyond the narrow bounds
 Of this seraglio; ev'ry hour it grows
 More pleasing to me, and the world' beside
 Is lost to Zara: to the noble Osman
 I yield myself, to live beneath his pow'r;
 To honour and obey my royal master
 Is my soul's utmost hope, and its ambition,
 All else is but a dream.

F A T I M A.

Hast thou forgot
 The kind Nereftan, he whose gen'rous friendship
 Promis'd so oft to free us from the yoke
 Of bondage? how did we admire his virtues,

His

His matchless valour, and intrepid zeal!
The glory he acquir'd beneath the walls
Of Damas, where so many Christians fell
By Osman's mighty hand! the conqu'ror then,
Thou may'st remember, pity'd his brave foe,
And, on his word, permitted him to leave
The banks of Jordan; we expect him still
To pay the ransom of our liberty,
And set us free: must all our hopes be vain?

Z A R A.

Perhaps his promise might exceed his pow'r;
Two years are past, and yet he's not return'd:
Alas! my Fatima, a captive stranger,
To gain his liberty, might promise more
Than he cou'd e'er perform: he talk'd, thou know'st,
Of bringing ransom for ten Christian slaves,
Wou'd break their fetters, or resume his own:
I was too credulous, and much admir'd
His forward zeal, but I shall think no more on't.

F A T I M A.

If yet he shou'd be faithful, and return
To keep his plighted faith, then woud'st thou not---

Z A R A.

It is not as it was, my Fatima,
The time is past.

F A T I M A.

What say'st thou?

Z A R A.

I'll not hide

The secret from my friend ; perhaps the Sultan
May yet conceal it, but thy Zara's heart
With safety may repose on Fatima :
Know then, some three months since, when thou
wert absent,

Remov'd with other slaves from Jordan's banks,
Kind heav'n, to put a period to our woes,
Rais'd up a pow'rful friend---the mighty Osman---

F A T I M A.

Well, what of Osman?

Z A R A.

He, the Sultan's self,
The Christian's haughty conqueror, is the slave
Of Zara ; yes, he loves me, Fatima ;
Nay, blush not, (for I understand thee well)
Think not I mean to stain my spotless honor,
Or stoop to be the mistress of a tyrant ;

That

That I will ever hazard the quick change
 Of transitory passion ; no, my friend,
 I am not so far lost to modesty,
 And native pride, as to forget myself ;
 Rather than to fall so low I wou'd embrace
 The milder fate of slavery and death ;
 But I shall more astonish thee : for know,
 I have subdued his haughty soul to love
 Most pure, and most refin'd : amidst the croud
 Of rival beauties that contend for Osman,
 I, I alone have fix'd his wand'ring heart,
 And Hymen soon, in spite of all their deep
 And dark intrigues, shall make the Sultan mine.

F A T I M A.

It is a conquest worthy of thy charms,
 And of thy virtues : I am much surpris'd,
 But more delighted ; may thy happiness
 Be perfect ! I shall rank myself with joy
 Amongst thy subjects.

Z A R A.

Be my equal still,
 And share my fortune ; royalty with thee
 Divided will make Zara doubly happy.

F A T I M A.

Pleas'd with thy choice, long may indulgent heav'n
 Smile on thy nuptial bed ; may never grief
 Intrude to poison the sweet cup of grandeur,
 By us call'd happiness ! alas, how little
 Doth it deserve the name ! but tell me, Zara,
 Art thou at ease, and feel'st thou nought within
 To check thy joys ? hast thou forgot that once
 Thou wert a Christian ?

Z A R A.

Ha ! what say'st thou ? why
 Woud'st thou recall my sorrows, Fatima ?
 Alas ! I know not who or what I am,
 Not ev'n who gave me birth.

F A T I M A.

Nerestan oft

Hath said, thou wert the daughter of a Christian ;
 The cross, which in thy infant years adorn'd thee,
 Confirms it ; still that sacred pledge remains
 Perhaps but to remind thee of the faith
 Which thou hast quitted.

Z A R A.

I've no other proof ;
 Shall that alone persuade me to embrace
 A faith detested by the man I love ?

Our

Our thoughts, our manners, our religion, all
Are form'd by custom, and the pow'rful bent
Of early years: born on the banks of Ganges
Zara had worship'd Pagan deities;
At Paris I had been a Christian; here
I am a happy Musulman; we know
But what we learn; th' instructing parent's hand
Graves in our feeble hearts those characters
Which time retouches, and examples fix
So deeply in the mind, that nought but God
Can e'er efface: but thou wert hither brought
A captive at an age when reason join'd
To sage experience had inform'd thy soul,
And well confirm'd its faith: for me, a slave
Ev'n from my cradle to the Saracens,
Too late the Christian light broke in upon me;
Yet far from wishing ill to laws so pure,
Spite of myself, I own to thee, that cross,
Whene'er I look'd upon it, fill'd my soul
With reverential awe, and oft in secret
Have I invok'd its holy aid, e'er Osman
Possess'd my heart: thine is a noble faith;
I honour much those charitable laws
Which old Nerestan many a time hath told me
Wou'd wipe off ev'ry tear, and make mankind

FO

Z A R A.

One sweet united family of love:
A Christian must be happy.

F A T I M A.

Wherefore then
Woud'st thou become their most invet'rate foe,
And wed their proud oppressor?

Z A R A.

Woud'st thou have me
Refuse so fair a present as the heart
Of Osman? no: I will confess my weakness;
But for the Sultan, Zara had long since
Embraced thy faith, and been, like thee, a Christian:
But Osman loves me, and 'tis all forgotten:
My ev'ry thought, my ev'ry hope is fix'd
On him alone, and my enraptur'd soul
Can dwell on nought but Osman: O, my friend,
Think on his lovely form, and graceful mind,
His noble deeds, his glory, and renown:
The crown he offers is not worth my care;
The poor return of gratitude wou'd ill
Repay his passion; love wou'd spurn the gift:
'Tis not to Osman's throne, but Osman's self,
That I aspire; perhaps I am to blame;
But trust me, Fatima, if heav'n had doom'd him
To Zara's fate, if he were now, like me,

A

Z A R A.

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A wretched slave, and I on Syria's throne,
Or love deceives me much, or I shou'd stoop
With joy, and raise him up to me and empire.

F A T I M A.

But hark, they come this way; perhaps 'tis Osman.

Z A R A.

It is; it must be he; my flutt'ring heart
Speaks his arrival; for these two long days
He hath been absent, but propitious love
Restores him to my wishes.

S C E N E II.

OSMAN, ZARA, FATIMA.

OSMAN.

Virtuous Zara,

E'er Hymen join our hands, permit me here

To pour forth all my honest heart before you:

I follow not our eastern monarchs laws,

Nor act by their example; well I know

How wide a field is left by Mahomet

For luxury to range in, that at pleasure

I might command a crowd of kneeling slaves,

Receive their incense, and return their love;

From the Seraglio's peaceful seats deal forth

My laws, and in the arms of indolence
Govern my kingdom ; but that well I know
How sloth deludes us, tempting as her charms,
But fatal is their end : a hundred kings
Have I beheld, her tributary slaves,
Our prophet's most unworthy successors,
Caliphs that trembled mid't the splendid pomp
Of visionary pow'r, and only held
The name of kings, who might have liv'd the lords
Of all mankind, the conqu'rors of the world,
Had they but been, like their great ancestors,
The masters of themselves : then Solyma
And Syria fell beneath the valiant Bouillon,
But heaven, to chastise the impious foe,
Uprais'd the arm of mighty Saladin :
My father conquer'd Jordan, and to him,
Unequal to the weight of empire, next
Succeeded Osman, the disputed lord
Of a weak kingdom : whilst the haughty Christians,
Thirsting for blood, thick from the western coast,
Pour in upon me ; whilst the voice of war,
And the shrill trumpet heard on ev'ry side,
Call us to arms, shall Osman waste his hours
In the loose dalliance of a soft seraglio ?
No, Zara, love, and glory, bear me witness,

To

To thee alone I swear eternal truth,
To take thee for my mistress, and my wife;
To live thy friend, thy lover, and thy husband;
Zara alone shall with the toils of war
Divide my heart: think not I mean to trust
Thy honour to our savage Asian guards,
Those shameless pandars to the lawless pleasures
Of their imperious masters; I esteem
As well as love thee, and to Zara's self,
Its fittest guard, commit my Zara's virtue.
Thou know'st my heart, on thee alone thou seest
Osman has plac'd his hopes of happiness;
I need not add how wretched it wou'd make
My future life, should'st thou repay my fondness
With the poor cold return of gratitude;
I love thee, Zara, yes, with rapture love thee,
And hope to find in thee an equal flame:
I own, whate'er the heart of Osman seeks,
It seeks with ardour; I shou'd think you hated,
Did you not love me, with excess of passion:
Such is my nature; if it suits with thine,
I am thy husband, but on this condition,
And only this, if marriage did not make
'Thee happy, I were most supremely wretched.

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

Wretched, my lord? O if thy happiness
 Depends on Zara's truth, and Zara's love,
 Never was mortal half so blest as Osman.
 Yes; the fond lover, and the tender wife,
 All thou can'st wish for, shalt thou find in Zara,
 For thou hast rais'd her far above her sex,
 Above her hopes; O what excess of bliss
 To hold my life, my happiness from thee,
 Such envy'd bounties from the man I love,
 To be the work of thy creating hand!
 But if among the croud of rival hearts
 Thy partial favour has selected Zara's,
 O if thy choice——

S C E N E III.

OSMAN, ZARA, FATIMA, ORASMIN.

O R A S M I N.

My lord, that Christian slave,
 Who, on his promise giv'n, had thy permission
 To visit France, is thence return'd, and begs
 An audience.

O S M A N.

Let him enter.

F A T I M A.

Z A R A.

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FATIMA.

Gracious heav'n!

OSMAN.

Why comes he not?

ORASMIN.

My lord, he waits without;

I did not think a Christian might approach

Your royal presence in this sacred place

OSMAN.

In ev'ry place access is free to Osman;

I hate our eastern policy, that hides

Its tyrants from the public eye, to screen

Oppression: give him entrance.

SCENE IV.

OSMAN, ZARA, FATIMA, ORASMIN, NERESTAN.

NERESTAN.

Gen'rous Sultan,

Whose virtues ev'n thy Christian foes admire,

I come, as bound in honour, to discharge

My vows, and bring with me the promis'd ransom

Of beauteous Zara, the fair Selima,

And ten more Christian pris'ners; I have done.

My duty to the captives, do thou thine,

And set them free; I have bestow'd on them

My

My little all, and nought remains for me
 But noble poverty ; Nerestan still
 Must be thy slave ; I have preserv'd my honour
 Unblemish'd, and fulfill'd my sacred word.

O S M A N.

Christian, thy virtue merits my best praise ;
 But think not Osman e'er will be surpass'd
 In generosity ; receive thy freedom,
 Take back thy treasures ; take my bounty with them ;
 I promis'd thee ten Christian slaves, I'll give thee
 A hundred more, demand 'em when thou wilt ;
 Let 'em depart, and teach their countrymen,
 That ev'n in Syria's plains some virtues dwell ;
 Thence let them judge, if they or Osman best
 Deserve to reign in Solyma ; but know,
 Old Lusignan must still remain a captive ;
 It were not safe to give him liberty ;
 Sprung from the royal blood of France, he claims
 A right to govern here, and that alone
 Condemns him to perpetual slavery,
 To groan in chains, and never more behold
 The light of day : I pity him, and yet
 It must be so ; cruel necessity
 Compels me to this rigour : and for Zara,
 She must remain with me ; not all thy gold

Can

Can purchase her ; not the whole race of Christians,
With all their kings, shall ever force her from me :
You may depart.

F A T I M A.

What do I hear ?

N E R E S T A N.

My lord,

She is a Christian born ; I have your word,
Your honour, and her own, that she shou'd go
When I return'd : poor Lusignan ! cou'd he
Offend thee ? wherefore wou'd'st thou——

O S M A N.

Christian, hence :

It is my will ; therefore no more ; thy pride
Offends me ; go, and e'er to-morrow's sun
Shines on this palace, leave my kingdom.

F A T I M A.

Heav'n

Assist us now !

O S M A N.

Go, Zara, and assume

Thy empire o'er my palace ; there command
As my Sultana ; I will hence, and give
My orders for our nuptials.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

OSMAN, ORASMIN.

OSMAN.

Did'st thou mark,
Orasmin, that presumptuous slave; he sigh'd,
And fix'd his eyes upon her.

ORASMIN.

O my lord,
Beware of jealousy.

OSMAN.

Ha! jealous, say'st thou?

Think'st thou the pride of Osman will descend
So low! to love as if I hated her?
Suspicion but provokes the crime it fears;
Zara is truth itself; and O Orasmin
I love her to idolatry; if e'er
I cou'd be jealous---if my foolish heart---
But I will think no more on't: let my soul
Dwell on the sweet idea of her charms:
Haste, my Orasmin, and get all things ready
For the dear happy moment that unites
Thy sov'reign to the object of his wishes:
One hour I will devote to public cares,
The rest shall all be giv'n to love and Zara.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

NERESTAN, CHATILLON.

CHATILLON.

JOY to our great deliverer, the brave,
The generous Nerestan, sent by heav'n
To save thy fellow Christians! O come forth,
Appear amongst us, and receive the tribute
Due to thy virtues; let the happy few,
Whom thou hast blest with freedom, clasp thy knees,
And kiss thy gracious hand: they croud to see
Their benefactor, do not hide thyself
From their desiring eyes, but let us all
United——

NERESTAN.

O Chatillon, talk not thus
Of my deservings, I have done no more
Than was my duty; circumstanc'd like me,
Like me thou woud'st have acted.

CHATILLON.

Ev'ry Christian
Shou'd sacrifice himself to his religion:
To leave our own, and think on other's good,
Is our first happiness; how blest art thou,

By

By gracious heav'n appointed to perform
 This noble duty! but, for us, the sport
 Of cruel fortune, slaves in Solyma,
 By Osman's father left in chains, and long
 Forgotten, here for life we had remain'd
 In sad captivity, nor e'er beheld
 Our native land, had not thy gen'rous aid
 Stepp'd in to save us.

N E R E S T A N.

'Twas the hand of heav'n;

I was but its unworthy instrument;
 Its providence hath soften'd the fierce soul
 Of youthful Osman: but a bitter draught
 Is pour'd into my cup of joy; his mercy
 Is cruel and oppressive: God, who sees
 My heart, will bear me witness that I meant
 To serve his cause, and act for him alone;
 For heav'n I had reserv'd a youthful beauty,
 Whom fierce Nouraddin had enslav'd, what time
 The proud contemners of our holy faith
 Surpris'd great Lusignan, myself long-time
 A captive with her; I at length regain'd
 Short liberty, on promise of return;
 And now had fondly hop'd, delusive dream!
 To bring back Zara to that happy court

Where

Where Lewis and the virtues reign : already
The queen, propitious to my friendly zeal,
Forth from the throne stretch'd her protecting hand ;
But now alas ! the wish'd-for moment near
That shou'd have freed her from captivity,
She must not go ; what did I say ? she will not ;
Zara herself forsakes the Christian faith
For Osman, for the Sultan, who, it seems,
Adores her—but we'll think no more of Zara,
Another cruel care demands our grief,
Another base refusal ; O Chatillon,
The wretched Christian's hope is now no more.

CHATILLON.

Accept my all, my liberty, my life,
If it can save them, 'tis at thy disposal.

NERESTAN.

Alas ! old Lusignan is still a slave,
The last of his great race, a race of heroes,
Descended from the valiant Bouillon ; he,
Whom fame has made immortal, still must groan
In chains, for Osman never will restore him.

CHATILLON.

Then all thy goodness, all thy cares are vain :
What soldier, who e'er held his honour dear,
Wou'd

Wou'd wish for freedom whilst his chief remains
In slav'ry! Thou, Nerestan, could'st not know
The gallant Lusignan as I have known him,
For thou wert born, so gracious heav'n ordain'd,
Long after those sad times of woe and slaughter,
When I beheld our city fall a prey
To these barbarians: O if thou had'st seen
The temple sack'd, the holy tomb profan'd,
Fathers, and children, husbands, daughters, wives,
In flames expiring at the altars feet;
Our good old sov'reign, bent beneath the weight
Of years, and murder'd o'er his bleeding sons!
Then Lusignan, the last of his high race,
Reviv'd our drooping courage; terrible
He stood, amidst the carnage of the field,
His right hand grasp'd a falchion wet with blood,
And with the left he pointed to the cross;
Then cry'd aloud, now countrymen be faithful,
The pow'r divine, that favour'd us this day,
Protected him in that tremendous hour
Beneath its friendly wing, and smooth'd his path
To safety and repose: Cæsarea then
Receiv'd our poor remains, where Lusignan
Was by the gen'ral voice proclaim'd our king:
O my Nerestan, the Almighty pow'r,

To humble haughty man, with-holds from him
Fair virtue's prize till life's short race is run;
We fought long time for heav'n, but fought in vain;
The sacred city, smoaking in its ruins,
Still lay, when by a treach'rous Greek betray'd
In our asylum, we beheld the flame
That rag'd in hapless Sion reach to us,
And o'er Cæsarea's walls with fury spread;
There, bound in ignominious chains, I saw
Great Lusignan, superior to misfortune,
And only weeping for his country's fate;
E'er since that fatal hour the good old man,
The Christians father (he deserves that name)
In a dark dungeon lies, by all neglected,
By all forgotten: such is the hard fate
For us he suffers, and whilst he is wretched,
Tell me, Nerestan, how can we be happy?

N E R E S T A N.

Unless we were barbarians: O I loath
The destiny that keeps us from each other;
Thou hast recall'd the times and sorrows past;
I shudder at the sad remembrance of them:
Cæsarea bury'd in her smoking ruins,
Thy prison, and great Lusignan in bondage,
Were the first objects that my eyes beheld;

I know

I know thy woes, with them my life began ;
 Mid'st shrieking infants, ravish'd from the breasts
 Of trembling mothers, was Nerestan borne
 To this seraglio, with my fellow-captive,
 The lovely Zara, who, forgive my sighs,
 For this barbarian now hath left her God.

C H A T I L L O N.

It is the glory of these Musulmen
 Thus to seduce the minds of captive Christians ;
 Blest be the hand of heav'n that sav'd thy youth
 From their delusions ; but, my lord, this Zara,
 Tho' she renounc'd the Christian faith, may serve
 The Christian cause ; her int'rest with the Sultan,
 Who loves her, may be useful ; by what arm
 God sends us help, it matters not ; for justice
 With wisdom oft conspires to draw advantage
 Alike from our misfortunes, and our crimes :
 The beauteous Zara's influence may subdue
 The stubborn heart of Osman, and persuade him
 To give us back a hero whom himself
 Must needs admire, and whom he cannot fear.

N E R E S T A N.

But think'st thou Lusignan wou'd condescend
 To take his liberty on terms like these ?

Or

Or if he wou'd, how can I get from Zara
 A moment's audience? Osman will not grant it:
 Will this seraglio's gates, for ever barr'd,
 Open to me? nay, grant I gain admision,
 What can I hope from an apostate woman?
 Nerestan's presence wou'd reproach her falshood,
 And she must read her shame upon my brow:
 'Tis most ungrateful to the gen'rous mind
 To sue for aid of those whom we despise:
 If they refuse, it sorely hurts our pride;
 And if they grant, we blush t'accept it of them.

CHATILLON.

Yet think on Lusignan, and strive to serve him.

NERESTAN.

I must: but how to get at this false woman——
 We're interrupted; ha! who comes? 'tis Zara.

S C E N E II.

ZARA, CHATILLON, NERESTAN.

ZARA.

[To Nerestan.

Be not alarm'd; by Osman's leave I come
 To thank the brave Nerestan; do not look
 So sternly on me, nor with bitter words
 Reproach my weakness; I have wish'd, yet fear'd,

C

To

To meet thee ; why I know not, but my heart
Still flutters at thy presence ; from our birth
We have been subject to one common fate ;
One prison held us in our infant years ;
Together have we felt the galling yoke
Of slav'ry, still by tender friendship made
Lighter to both : at length thy kinder fate
Led thee to France, and I was left to mourn
Thy absence ; whether it arose from pity,
From nobleness of soul, or partial fondness,
I know not, but thy gen'rous ardour sought
And gain'd a ransom for the hapless Zara ;
But heav'n hath counteracted thy kind purpose,
And I am doom'd for ever to remain
In Solyma : long time a slave unknown,
And undistinguish'd, Zara liv'd, till Osman
Look'd down upon me ; but tho' fortune smiles
Propitious now, and offers all her charms
Of pomp and grandeur, yet I cannot leave
Without regret my fellow-captive : oft
Shall I reflect on thee, and on thy goodness,
And cherish the remembrance of thy virtues :
Like thee, I will endeavour to relieve
The wretched, ever will protect the Christians,

And

And be a mother to them ; for thy sake
They will be always dear to Zara.

N E R E S T A N.

You
Protect the Christian ! you who have forsook them ?
You, who have trampled on the sacred ashes
Of Lusignan's great ancestors.

Z A R A.

O no :

I hold their virtues in most dear remembrance,
And come ev'n now to give you back your love,
Your hope, the last and greatest of their race:
Your Lusignan is free, and comes to meet you.

C H A T I L L O N.

And shall we see once more our honour'd father,
Our best support ?

N E R E S T A N.

And shall we owe to Zara

A life so precious ?

Z A R A.

When I ask'd the favour
I did not hope it, but the gen'rous sultan,
Beyond my wish, consented, and they soon
Will bring him here.

Z A R A.

N E R E S T A N.

How my heart beats, Chatillon !

Z A R A.

I weep his fate, Nerestan, for, like him,
 I too have languish'd in captivity ;
 Woes which ourselves have felt we always pity.

N E R E S T A N.

Good heav'n, what virtue in an infidel !

S C E N E III.

ZARA, LUSIGNAN, CHATILLON, NERESTAN,
several Christian slaves.

L U S I G N A N.

Who calls me from the dark abode of death ?
 Am I with Christians ? O support me, guide
 My trembling footsteps ; I am weak with age
 And with misfortunes : am I free indeed ?

Z A R A.

You are, my lord.

C H A T I L L O N.

You live to make us happy,
 Us wretched Christians.

L U S I G N A N.

Sure I know that voice :
 Can it be you, Chatillon ? do I see

My

My friend, my fellow martyr to the faith
Of our forefathers? where am I? O aid
My feeble sight!

CHATILLON.

This is the palace, sir,
Built by your royal ancestors, but now
The seat of fierce Nouraddin's son.

Z A R A.

Great Osman,
Its noble master, is a friend to virtue:
This gen'rous youth,

[Pointing to Nerestan.

To thee unknown, from France
Is late arriv'd, and kindly brings with him
The ransom of ten Christian slaves; the sultan,
Resolv'd in honour's path to tread with him,
To crown their wishes, has delivered thee.

LUSIGNAN.

The sons of France are in their nature noble,
Beneficent, and brave; I know them well,
And have experienc'd their humanity.

[Turning to Nerestan.

Hast thou then pass'd the ocean to relieve
These wretched captives woes, and set us free?
Say, gen'rous stranger, whom am I to thank
For this unequall'd goodness?

NERESTAN.

I am call'd

Nerestan; almost from my birth a slave
 In Solyma; I left in earliest years
 The Turkish empire, and with Lewis learn'd
 The rugged task of war; beneath his banner
 Long time I fought; to him I owe my rank
 And fortune, to the first of monarchs, famed
 Alike for valour and for holy zeal
 To heav'n and its true faith: I follow'd him
 To Charent's banks, where the fierce English, long
 Unconquer'd, bent beneath the Gallic pow'r.
 Haste then, and shew the venerable marks
 Of thy hard slav'ry to the best of kings;
 He will reward thee; Paris will revere
 A martyr to the cross, and Lewis' court,
 Th' asylum of oppressed royalty,
 With open arms receive an injur'd sov'reign.

LUSIGNAN.

I knew the court of France in all its glory;
 When Philip conquer'd at Bovine, I fought
 With Montmorency, Melun, and d'Estaing,
 With valiant Nesle, and the renowned Coucy,
 But never shall behold it more; alas!
 Thou see'st I am descending to the grave,

To

To seek the king of kings, and ask of him
 The due reward of all my suff'rings past.
 Whilst I have life, yet hear me, thou kind witness
 Of my last moments, good Chatillon, thou
 Nerestan too, and this fair mourner here,
 Who honours with her tears the wretched fate
 Of dying Lusignan: O pity me,
 Pity the most unhappy father sure
 That ever groan'd beneath the wrath of heav'n!
 Time has no pow'r o'er miseries like mine:
 Still I lament a daughter, and three sons,
 Torn from me in their infancy: Chatillon,
 Thou must remember it.

CHATILLON.

I do, my lord,
 And shudder at it now.

LUSIGNAN.

A pris'ner with me,
 Cæsarea then in flames, thou saw'st my wife
 And two of my dear sons expire.

CHATILLON.

I did;
 Loaded with chains I could not help them.

LUSIGNAN.

O

I was a father, and yet cou'd not die:
 O ye lov'd infants, from your heav'nly mansion
 Look down propitious on my other children,
 If yet they live, O succour and protect them!
 To this seraglio, ev'n where now we stand,
 That daughter and that son whom I lament
 Were by the hands of vile barbarians borne,
 And here condemn'd to bear the shameful yoke
 Of slav'ry.

CHATILLON.

'Tis too true; your daughter then
 Was in her cradle; in these arms I held her,
 And scarce had time to sprinkle o'er her face
 The holy water, and pronounce her Christian,
 E'er the rude hands of bloody Saracens
 Rush'd in, and tore her from me: thy last son,
 Scarce four years old, just capable of feeling
 His early sorrows, to Jerusalem
 Was carry'd with his sister.

NERESTAN.

How my heart
 Beats at the mournful tale! about that age
 I was a pris'ner in Cæsarea; thence,

Cover'd

Cover'd with blood, and bound in chains, I follow'd
A croud of Christian slaves.

L U S I G N A N.

Did'st thou ; O heav'n !

And wert thou brought up here in this seraglio ?

[Looking earnestly at them.]

Alas ! perhaps you might have known my children,
Your age the same ; perhaps these eyes---O madam,
What foreign ornament is that ? how long
May you have worn it ?

Z A R A.

Ever since my birth :

Why sigh you, sir ?

L U S I G N A N.

Permit my trembling hands.---

Z A R A.

Whence is this strange emotion ? O my lord,
What look you so intently on ?

L U S I G N A N.

O heav'n !

O providence ! O eyes, do not deceive
My fearful hope---'tis she---it was a present
To my dear wife ; my children always wore it
Upon their birth-day : O I faint, I die
With rapture.

C 5

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

Ha! what do I hear? my soul
Is lost in doubt; O say, my lord——

L U S I G N A N.

Great God,
Who see'st my tears, forsake me not; O thou
Who on this cross did'st perish, and for us
Did'st rise again, this is thy work, O haste,
Complete it, gracious heav'n!

[Turning to Zarah:

And hast thou kept it
Indeed so long? and were ye pris'ners both,
Both in Cæsarea seiz'd, and brought together?

Z A R A.

We were, my lord.

N E R E S T A N.

Can it be so?

L U S I G N A N.

Their speech,
Their features, all confirm it; ev'ry look
Brings their dear mother to my eyes: O heav'n,
Restore my feeble senses thus o'erpow'r'd
With joy! O madam, O Nerestan, help,
Chatillon, to support me! O Nerestan,
If yet I ought to call thee by that name,
Once thou wert wounded by a desp'rate hand;
I saw

I saw the villain strike thee ; hast thou not
The scar about thy breast?

NERESTAN.

I have, my lord.

LUSIGNAN.

Just God ! blest moment !

NERESTAN. [Kneeling.

O my lord ! O Zara !

LUSIGNAN.

Come near, my children.

NERESTAN.

Am I then your son ?

ZARA.

My lord !

LUSIGNAN.

O blest discov'ry ! happy hour !

My son ! my daughter ! O embrace your father !

CHATILLON.

Trust me, Chatillon's heart rejoices with you.

LUSIGNAN.

I know not how to force me from your arms,

My dearest children ! do I then behold

Once more my wretched family ? my son,

Thou art the worthy heir of Lusignan :
 But say, my daughter, O dispel the doubts
 That rise to check my happiness ! O God,
 That guid'st our fortunes, thou who hast restor'd
 My daughter, have I found a Christian ? Zara,
 Alas ! thou weep'st, and thy dejected eyes
 Are turn'd aside from me : unhappy woman !
 I understand thee but too well : O heav'n,
 O guilt ! guilt !

Z A R A.

Yes : I'll not deceive my father :
 Brought up in Osman's court, and to his laws
 Obedient ; punish, sir, your wretched daughter ;
 I own I was a Musulman.

L U S I G N A N.

The wrath
 Of heav'n pursues me still ; and but for thee,
 My son, that word had ended my sad being :
 For thee, O God ! and in thy glorious cause,
 These threescore years old Lusignan hath fought,
 But fought in vain ; hath seen thy temple fall,
 Thy goodness spurn'd, thy sacred rites profan'd :
 For twenty summers in a dungeon hid,

With

With tears have I implor'd thee to protect
My children; thou hast given them to my wishes,
And in my daughter now I find thy foe:
I am myself, alas! the fatal cause
Of thy lost faith; had I not been a slave---
But, O my daughter! thou dear lovely object
Of all my cares, O think on the pure blood
Within thy veins, the blood of twenty kings,
All Christians like myself, the blood of heroes,
Defenders of the faith, the blood of martyrs:
Thou art a stranger to thy mother's fate;
Thou dost not know, that in the very moment
That gave thee birth, I saw her massacred
By those barbarians, whose detested faith
Thou hast embrac'd: thy brothers, the dear martyrs,
Stretch forth their hands from heav'n, and wish
t'embrace

A sister; O remember them! that God
Whom thou betray'st, for us, and for mankind,
Ev'n in this place expir'd; where I so oft
Have fought for him, where now his blood by me
Calls loudly on thee: see yon temple, see
These walls; behold the sacred mountain, where
Thy Saviour bled; the tomb whence he arose
Victorious; in each path where'er thou tread'st
Shalt

Shalt thou behold the footsteps of thy God:
 Wilt thou renounce thy honour and thy father?
 Wilt thou renounce thy maker? O my Zara,
 Thou weep'st; the blood forsakes thy cheek; I see
 Thy heart is soften'd to repentance: truth,
 Sent by indulgent heav'n, already beams
 On thy enlighten'd soul; again I find
 My daughter; from the hands of infidels
 To save her thus is happiness and glory.

N E R E S T A N.

Do I indeed once more behold a sister?
 And is her soul---

Z A R A.

Dear author of my life,
 My father, speak; what must I do?

L U S I G N A N.

Remove

At once my shame and sorrow with a word,
 And say thou art---a Christian.

Z A R A.

Then, my lord,

I am a Christian.

L U-

Z A R A.

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LUSIGNAN.

'Tis enough, O God!

Thou hear'st, receive, and ratify her vow!

S C E N E IV.

ZARA, LUSIGNAN, CHATILLON, NERESTAN,
ORASMIN.

O R A S M I N.

Madam, the sultan wills me to inform you,
You must this moment leave the place, and quit
These Christian slaves: you, Frenchman, follow me.

C H A T I L L O N.

What dreadful stroke is this?

LUSIGNAN.

Our courage, friends,
Must now support us.

Z A R A.

O my lord!

LUSIGNAN.

O thou,

Whom now I dare not name, remember me,
And swear that thou wilt keep the fatal secret.

Z A R A.

I swear.

I

LU-

Farewell! the rest be left to heav'n.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

OSMAN, ORASMIN.

OSMAN.

ORASMIN, 'tis not as thy groundless fears
 Suggested to thee; Lewis turns no more
 His arms against us; his disgusted people
 Are weary'd with the unsuccessful search
 Of climates, which heav'n ne'er design'd for them:
 They will not leave their seats of ease and plenty
 To languish in Arabia's sultry desarts,
 And wet our verdant palms in Christian blood:
 Their ships are spread indeed o'er Syria's sea,
 And Asia trembles at the sight; but know,
 Tow'rd fertile Egypt Lewis bends his way,
 In search of Melidor, my secret foe:
 Their quarrels fix but on a firmer base

The

The throne of Osman : I have nought to fear
From Egypt or from France ; by their division
My pow'r is strengthen'd : prodigal of blood,
I thank 'em for it, they destroy each other,
To save my subjects and avenge my cause.
Release those Christians ; I wou'd please their master,
And therefore they shall live ; let 'em be sent
To Lewis ; it may teach him to respect
Our holy faith, and know me for his friend :
Tell him I give him Lusignan, the man
Who claims by birth alliance to his throne,
Whom my brave father twice subdu'd, and kept
In chains, nor whilst he liv'd wou'd set him free.

O R A S M I N.

His name so dear to Christians—

O S M A N.

For his name

I heed it not.

O R A S M I N.

O but, my lord, if Lewis—

O S M A N.

'Twere needless to dissemble now, Orasmin,
'Tis Zara's will, therefore no more ; my heart
Yields to its conqueror, and Lusignan

Is giv'n to her ; I had not else releas'd
 My pris'ner : Lewis is not worth my care ;
 But I wou'd make atonement for the wrongs
 Of injur'd Zara and her Christian friends ;
 I've been too harsh with them : 'tis but an hour
 Before our happy nuptials, and mean time
 I wou'd oblige my Zara ; she desires
 Some private conf'rence with the brave Nereftan,
 That gen'rous Christian——

O R A S M I N.

And have you comply'd ?

O S M A N.

I have, Orasmin : they were slaves together
 Ev'n from their childhood, and perhaps may ne'er
 Behold each other more ; she asks, in short,
 Who must not be deny'd : the rigid laws
 Of our seraglio were not made for Zara ;
 I hate its cruel, its severe restraint,
 'That binds the free-born soul in shameful bonds,
 And makes a virtue of necessity.
 I am not sprung, thank heav'n ! of Asian blood,
 But, midst the rocks of Taurice Schythia born,
 From my forefathers boast a Schythian heart,
 Fiery and bold, yet gen'rous and humane :
 I wou'd have all partake of Osman's joy,

And

And therefore let Nerestan see her : go,
Conduct him to her, he attends without ;
Let Zara be obey'd.

S C E N E II.

ORASMIN, NERESTAN.

ORASMIN.

Please you to rest
A moment here, till Zara comes.

S C E N E III.

NERESTAN.

[Alone.]

Just heav'n?

And must I leave her? cruel fate! to whom,
To what is she reserv'd? alas! my father,
Religion, virtue---but she's here.

S C E N E IV.

ZARA, NERESTAN.

NERESTAN.

My sister,
At length we may converse ; but what a time
Hath heav'n appointed for our meeting! ne'er
Wilt thou behold thy wretched father more.

ZARA.

Z A R A.

Not Lufignan? O God!

N E R E S T A N.

His end is nigh:

His feeble pow'rs, oppress'd with sudden joy
 At th' unexpected sight of his dear children,
 Are quite exhausted, and the springs of life
 Will soon be motionless; but, O my sister,
 Think how the wretched state of his last moments
 Will be embitter'd by his cruel doubts
 Concerning thee; uncertain of thy faith
 He dies, and asks with his expiring breath
 If Zara is a Christian.

Z A R A.

Am I not

Thy sister? think'st thou I will e'er renounce
 Thy faith and mine, forgetful of the tie
 That binds us?

N E R E S T A N.

Yet thou art a stranger to it;

'Tis but the morning of that glorious day
 Which must enlighten thee; thou hast not yet
 Receiv'd the precious pledge, the sacred stream
 That copious flows to wash our crimes away:

Swear

Swear by our mis'ries, our family,
By all those holy martyrs whence we sprung,
Thou wilt this day receive the mystic seal,
The mark distinctive of the living God.

Z A R A.

I swear to thee, by him whom I adore,
That God whose laws unknowing I revere,
Henceforth, Nerestan, to embrace thy faith
And be a Christian: but, O tell me, what
Doth it require of Zara?

N E R E S T A N.

To detest

Thy tyrant master, and obey the God
Of our forefathers, that benignant pow'r
Who dy'd to save us, who conducted me
To my dear sister, and restor'd to thee
Our long-lost father; but, alas! Nerestan
Cannot instruct thee, mine's a soldier's zeal,
Devoid of knowledge; soon a holy priest
Shall visit thee, and open the fair book
Of wisdom, clear thy mind's obstructed sight,
And give thee liberty, and life: remember
Thy oath; take heed that baptism lead thee not
To curses and to death: but how, my sister,

Shall

Shall I gain leave to bring him to thee? whom
 Must I apply to in this vile seraglio?
 O heav'n! that thus the blood of twenty kings,
 The daughter of great Lusignan, that thou,
 Nerestan's sister, and a Christian, thus
 Shou'd be the slave of Osman! but, no more;
 You understand me, Zara: gracious God!
 Were we reserv'd for this at last?

Z A R A.

Go on,

My cruel brother, and pursue thy triumph
 O'er Zara's weakness; O thou know'st not yet
 Her secret faults, her sorrows and her crimes:
 Pity, Nerestan, an unhappy sister,
 Misled, betray'd, and dying with despair:
 I am a Christian, and impatient wait
 The holy water that must purge my heart,
 And wash its stains away: I will not live
 Unworthy of my brother, of myself,
 Of my great ancestors, of thee, my father,
 Afflicted Lusignan! but tell me all,
 What will your Christian laws require of Zara?
 How will they punish an unhappy woman,
 Left to repine in sad captivity?
 What, if amidst her sorrows she shou'd find

A

A gen'rous patron in a brave barbarian,
 Warm'd by his goodness, what if she shou'd feel
 A grateful passion, and give up her heart
 To him that sav'd her?

NERESTAN.

Ha! what say'st thou? rather
 Might instant death—

Z A R A.

Strike, and prevent thy shame;
 For know——

NERESTAN.

O heav'n! could'st thou, my sister?

Z A R A.

I stand condemn'd, I am my own accuser :
 Osman adores me, and I meant to wed him.

NERESTAN.

To wed him! to wed Osman! can it be?
 Could'st thou, descended from a race of kings,
 Could'st thou, my sister?

Z A R A.

Strike; for know, I love him.

NERESTAN.

Shame as thou art to our untainted blood,
 Now, did I listen to the voice of honour,
 Did not the law of that all-saving God

Whom

Whom yet thou know'st not, did not my religion
 With-hold my arm, this moment wou'd I rush
 Into the palace, and there sacrifice
 This vile barbarian, this imperious lover ;
 Wou'd plunge the dagger in thy guilty breast,
 Then turn it on my own : O infamy !
 Whilst Lewis, the world's bright example, bears
 His conqu'ring legions to th' affrighted Nile,
 But to return on wings of victory
 To free thy captive God, and give him back
 His native walls, mean time Nerestan's sister
 Renounces all, and weds an infidel :
 And must I tell the good old man, his daughter
 Hath chos'n a Tartar for her God ? alas !
 Ev'n now thy dying father kneels to heav'n
 For Zara's happiness.

Z A R A.

O stay, my brother,
 Perhaps thy Zara still deserves thy love ;
 Thou dost not know me ; spare thy keen reproaches,
 For O thy cruel scorn, thy bitter wrath,
 Is worse to me ev'n than the death I ask'd,
 Which yet thou hast refus'd me : O Nerestan,
 I know thou art oppress'd, I know thou suffer'st
 For my misfortunes ; but I suffer more :

Wou'd that kind heav'n had ta'en my wretched life,
Before this heart glow'd with a guilty flame
For Osman ! and yet, who that knew his virtues
Wou'd not have lov'd him ! he did all for me ;
His gen'rous heart from clouds of fond admirers
Selected Zara ; she alone subdu'd
His fiery soul, and soften'd his resentment :
He hath reviv'd the Christian's hope ; to him
I owe the dear delight of seeing thee,
My brother : O Nerestan, thou shoud'st pardon,
Indeed thou shoud'st, for I am truly wretched:
My oath, my duty, my remorse, my father,
My fatal passion, and thy cruel anger,
Are punishment enough: repentance fills
All Zara's soul, and leaves no room for love.

N E R E S T A N.

I blame, yet pity thee : kind heav'n, I trust,
Will never let thee perish in thy sins ;
The arm of God, that makes the weakest strong,
Will cherish and support a tender flow'r
That bends beneath the fury of the storm :
He will not suffer thy divided heart
To fluctuate thus 'twixt him and a barbarian ;
Baptism will quench thy giddy flame, and Zara
In the true faith shall live a pious Christian,

Or die a martyr: promise then thy father,
 Promise thy king, thy country, and that God
 Whose pow'rful voice thou hast already heard,
 Thou wilt not think of these detested nuptials
 Before the priest hath open'd thy dark mind,
 And, in Nerestan's fight, pronounc'd thee Christian:
 Say, wilt thou promise, Zara?

Z A R A.

Yes; I promise:
 Make me a Christian, make me free; do what
 Thou wilt with Zara: but haste, close the eyes
 Of my dear father: wou'd I cou'd go with thee,
 And die before him!

N E R E S T A N.

Sister, fare thee well!
 Since I must leave thee in this hated palace,
 Farewell! remember, I shall soon return
 To save thee from perdition, from thyself,
 And from the pow'rs of hell, by holy baptism.

S C E N E V.

Z A R A, Alone.

I am alone: now hear me, gracious heav'n!
 For what am I reserv'd? O God, command
 This rebel heart not to relinquish thee!

I

Am

Am I the daughter of great Lufignan,
 Or Ofman's wife ; a lover, or a Christian?
 Ye sacred oaths, my father, and my country,
 All shall be heard, all shall be satisfy'd !
 But where's my friend ? where is my Fatima?
 In this distressful hour the world forsakes me:
 Deserted and forlorn, how shall I bear
 The galling weight of these discordant duties !
 O God ! I will be thine, and thine alone ;
 But O ! preserve me from the sight of Ofman,
 The dear, the gen'rous Ofman ! did I think
 This morn, that e'er the day was past, my heart
 Shou'd dread to see him ; I whose ev'ry hope
 And joy, and happiness, on him alone
 Depended ? O ! I had no other care,
 No pleasure, but to listen to his love ;
 To wish, and wait for, and adore my Ofman !
 And now it is a crime to think of him.

S C E N E VI.

Z A R A, O S M A N.

O S M A N.

Come forth, my love ! for my impatient soul
 Is on the wing, and will not brook delay !
 The torch of Hymen casts its sacred light

D 2

On

On happy Osman, and the perfum'd mosque
 Invites us ; Mahomet's all-pow'rful God
 Propitious hears and answers to our vows ;
 My people on their knees, in fervent pray'r,
 United sue for Zara's happiness ;
 Whilst thy proud rivals, who disputed long
 My heart with thee, at length confess thy pow'r,
 Pleas'd to submit, and happy to obey :
 The rites attend thee, and the throne's prepar'd ;
 Hasten then, my love, and make thy Osman happy.

Z A R A.

O grief! O love! O wretched Zara!

O S M A N.

Hasten.

Z A R A.

O hide me!

O S M A N.

Ha! what say'st thou?

Z A R A.

O my lord——

O S M A N.

Give me thy hand, come, beauteous Zara, deign—

Z A R A.

What can I say to him? assist me, heav'n!

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

O! I must triumph o'er this tender weakness,
This sweet embarrassment ; it makes me love thee
With double ardour.

Z A R A.

O!

O S M A N.

Those sighs, my Zara,
Endear thee more to Osman ; 'tis the mark
Of modest virtue thus to shrink from love ;
But haste, my charmer, and repay my fondness,
My constancy——

Z A R A.

O Fatima, support me!

My lord——

O S M A N.

Well, what? O heav'n!

Z A R A.

That heav'n's my witness,
All Zara's hopes of happiness were plac'd
On thee ; my soul desir'd to call thee mine :
Not that I sought the splendor of a throne ;
Thoughts distant far and nobler fill'd my breast :
I cou'd have wish'd, to thee and to thy virtues
United, to have liv'd in solitude,
With thee despis'd the pomp of Asia's pride,

And spurn'd her crowns and scepters at my feet:
But O! my lord, these Christians——

O S M A N.

What have they
To do with Osman, or with Osman's love?

Z A R A.

Old Lufignan, oppress'd with age and sorrow,
Now touches his last moments.

O S M A N.

Be it so;

What is that Christian slave to thee, or why
Feel'st thou for him? thou art not of his faith,
But from thy infant years hast follow'd mine,
And worshipp'd Osman's God; shall Zara weep
Because an old man pays the debt of nature?
At such a time as this shall Zara mourn?
Shou'd she not rather center all her cares
In Osman now, and think of nought but love?

Z A R A.

If ever I was dear to thee——

O S M A N.

If ever!

O God!

ZARA.

Z A R A.

55

Z A R A.

Defer, my lord, a little while
Our nuptials, let me —

O S M A N.

Ha! what say'st thou? heav'n!
Can Zara speak thus?

Z A R A.

O I cannot bear
His anger.

O S M A N.

Zara!

Z A R A.

O forgive, my lord,
These sighs! alas, I have forgot myself,
Forgot my duty, all I owe to thee:
I cannot bear that look---permit me, fir,
But for a moment to retire, to hide
My tears, my grief, my love, and my despair.
[She goes out.]

S C E N E VII.

O S M A N, O R A S M I N.

O S M A N.

Amazement! dumb and motionless I stand
With horror: did I hear aright, Orasmin,
Was it to me that Zara spoke, to Osman?
Does she avoid me; fly from me? O heav'n!
What have I seen, and whence this wond'rous change?

D 4

She

She's gone, she's lost; I know not who I am,
Or what, or where.

O R A S M I N.

You are yourself the cause
Of your complaint, and but accuse a heart
Where you and you alone in triumph reign.

O S M A N.

But why those sighs, those tears, that sudden flight?
Whence that deep sorrow, in her down-cast eyes
So plainly wrote? O if that wily Frenchman——
Horrible thought! how dreadfully the light
Breaks in upon me! 'tis impossible;
A vile barbarian; O it cannot be,
Orasmin; think'st thou that the heart of Osman
Will e'er descend to fear a Christian slave?
But tell me, thou perhaps could'st mark her features,
And understand the language of her eye;
Am I betray'd? nay, do not hide thy thoughts,
But let me know my mis'ry: ha! thou tremblest;
It is enough.

O R A S M I N.

I wou'd not rive thy heart
With fond suspicions: I beheld her weep,
But nothing more; saw nought that cou'd alarm---

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

Was I reserv'd to bear an injury
Like this? had Zara meant to play me false,
She wou'd have done it with more art; wou'd ne'er
Have openly avow'd her treach'rous purpose:
O no; she must be innocent; but tell me,
This Frenchman---he, thou say'st too sigh'd and
 wept;
And what of that! he might not sigh for her;
It was not love perhaps that made him weep;
Or if it was, why shou'd I fear a slave,
One who to-morrow parts from her for ever?

O R A S M I N.

Against our laws, my lord, you gave him leave
To see her twice; he came.

O S M A N.

 The traitor! yes,
I know he did; but if again he dares
To visit her, I'll tear the slave to pieces,
And mix his life-blood with the faithless Zara's:
Pardon, my friend, the transport of a heart
So deeply pierc'd; it is by nature warm,
And has been wounded in the tend'rest part:
I know my rage, Orasmin, and my weakness,
Know 'tis beneath me to be thus disturb'd;

But Zara---O I cannot, will not think it:
 Her heart cou'd ne'er be guilty of such baseness,
 It was not made for falsehood; nor shall Osman
 Stoop to complaint or mean submission; no:
 It were unworthy of a king to wait
 For explanations of this strange strange conduct:
 I will resume that empire o'er my heart
 Which I had lost, forget the very name
 Of Zara: yes; henceforth let my seraglio
 Be shut for ever, fear and terror reign
 Within my palace; let despotic pow'r
 Rule unreluctant o'er a race of slaves!
 Osman henceforth shall be an eastern king,
 And reign like them: perhaps we may forget
 Our rank a while, and cast an eye of favor
 Upon our vassals; but to stand in awe
 Of a proud mistress, is most shameful; no:
 To western climes we leave such fond submission:
 * The dang'rous sex, ambitious to enslave

* Those amongst our female readers who are fond of a poetical tag at the end of an act, and prefer rhyme to blank verse, may perhaps approve of the following looser translation.

The sex, still dang'rous, and ambitious still
 To conquer man, and bend' him to their will,
 O'er easy Europe rule with sov'reign sway,
 But wiser Asians teach 'em to obey.

Our

Our easy hearts, and bend them to their will,
In Europe rule, but here they must obey.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Z A R A, F A T I M A.

F A T I M A.

HOW I admire, and how I pity thee!
The Christian God inspires thee; let not then
Thy soul despair, for he shall give thee strength
To break the pow'rful chains of mighty love.

Z A R A.

When shall I make the glorious sacrifice?

F A T I M A.

Thou suest to heav'n for pardon, but may'st claim
Its justice; God will guard thy innocence,
And shield thy virtue.

Z A R A.

Zara never wanted
His kind protection more.

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F A T I M A.

F A T I M A.

The God thou serv'st
Will be a father to thee ; he shall guide
Thy wand'ring steps, speak to thy doubting heart,
And take thee to his bosom : tho' the priest
Dare not attend here——

Z A R A.

Alas! my friend,
How have I pierc'd the soul of gen'rous Osman,
And driv'n him to despair! a dreadful task!
But 'tis thy will, O God, and I obey:
Zara had been too happy.

F A T I M A.

Wilt thou then
Hazard the victory after all thy toil?

Z A R A.

Unhappy vict'ry, and inhuman virtue!
Alas! thou know'st not, Fatima, how dear
They cost me ; all my hopes of happiness
Were fix'd on love, and Osman : take my heart,
Accept my guilty tears, subdue my passion,
Eternal God, and make me all thy own!
But O my friend, ev'n now the lovely image
Of my dear gen'rous Osman steps between
My God and me ; that form is still before me,

For

For ever in my sight: ye race of kings
 From whom I sprung, my father, mother, country,
 And thou, my God, since you have ta'en him from
 me,

Finish a life that is not worth my care
 Without him; let me die a blameless victim,
 Let Osman close the eyes of her he lov'd!
 But he has left me, left the wretched Zara,
 Enquires not, thinks not of me; O I faint,
 My Fatima, I never can survive it.

F A T I M A.

Remember thou'rt the daughter of a king,
 The fav'rite of heav'n, the chos'n of God:
 And will not he protect thee?

Z A R A.

Will he not
 Protect my Osman too? a God of mercy
 Can never hate, can never persecute
 A heart so just, so brave, so good as Osman's;
 What cou'd he more, had he been born a Christian?
 O that this holy minister wou'd come,
 This blest interpreter of heav'n's high will,
 To ease my wounded heart, and give me comfort!
 Still I have hope that kind benignant God,
 Whose

Whose darling attribute is clemency,
Will not forbid our union, will forgive
The struggles of a heart so torn as mine;
Perhaps by raising Zara to the throne
Of Syria he might serve the Christian cause:
Great Saladin, thou know'st, whose potent arm
Robb'd us of Jordan's empire, who, like Osman,
Was fam'd for mercy, from a Christian sprung.

F A T I M A.

Alas! thou see'st not that, to calm thy soul,
Mistaken as thou art.—

Z A R A.

I see it all;

See that my father, country, friends, condemn me;
See that I follow Lufignan, yet love,
Adore my Osman; see that still my life
Is link'd with his: O I cou'd wish to see him,
To throw me at his feet, and tell him all.

F A T I M A.

That wou'd destroy thy brother, and endanger
The Christians, who have no support but thee;
Thou woud'st betray that God who calls thee back
From error's paths, and bids thee follow him.

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

O did'st thou know the noble heart of Osman!

F A T I M A.

He is protector of the Musulmen,
Therefore the more he loves thee, doubtless, Zara,
Less willing must he be to have thee worship
A God his faith has taught him to abhor.
The priest, thou know'st, will visit thee in secret,
And thou hast promis'd——

Z A R A.

I will wait for him;
I've promis'd to preserve the secret still
From Osman; cruel silence! but to make
My woes complete, I am no longer lov'd.

S C E N E II.

O S M A N, Z A R A.

O S M A N.

There was a time when thy deluding charms
Enflam'd my soul; a willing captive then
I glory'd in my chains: I hop'd indeed,
Vain hope! a sov'reign fighting at thy feet
Might claim some kind return, and thought myself
Belov'd by Zara; but I am undeceiv'd:
Yet think not, madam, I will ever stoop

To

To mean complaints, or with the whining race
 Of vulgar lovers vindicate my wrongs
 By loud reproaches ; no : I am above
 Dissimulation, and am come to tell you
 I mean to treat it with that just contempt
 Which it deserves ; think not by female arts,
 Or subtle arguments, to colour o'er
 Thy conduct, I disclaim thee, know thee not ;
 And, for I wou'd not make thee blush, desire
 The hated cause may be a secret still ;
 I wou'd not wish to know it : all is past :
 Another may be found to fill the throne
 Which you despise ; another may have eyes
 Perhaps for Osman's merit, and a heart
 For Osman's love : I know 'twill cost me dear
 To part from Zara, but I am resolv'd :
 For I had rather lose thee, rather die
 With anguish and despair, than make thee mine,
 If but a sigh escap'd thee for another,
 And not for Osman : fare thee well ; these eyes
 Must ne'er behold thee more.

Z A R A.

It is thy will,
 O God, to reign unrivall'd in my heart,

And

And thou hast rob'd me now of all :—my lord,
Since you no longer love me.---

O S M A N.

'Tis too true ;
Honour commands it ; I ador'd thee once,
But I must leave thee, must renounce thee, 'twas
Thy own request---beneath another law——
Zara, thou weep'st !

Z A R A.

O think not, I beseech you,
Think not, my lord, I shall regret the pomp
And splendor of a throne ; it is decreed
That I must lose thee, such is my hard fate :
But punish me for ever, angry heav'n,
If there be aught on earth I shall regret
But Osman's heart !

O S M A N.

Zara, thou lov'st me !

Z A R A.

Love him !

O God !

O S M A N.

Amazement ! Zara said she lov'd me :
Why then, thou cruel maid, why tear the heart
Of faithful Osman thus ? in my despair,
Alas ! I thought I cou'd command myself

To

To love, or hate ; but 'tis impossible :
 Zara can never be forgotten ; no :
 Osman cou'd never harbour such a thought,
 To place another on his throne ; forgive
 My rage, my madness ; 'twas affected all,
 All false ; I cou'd not leave, I cou'd not hate thee ;
 It was the only scorn thy tender heart
 Ever experienc'd : O I love thee still,
 And ever must : but wherefore thus delay
 My happiness ? speak, was it fond caprice,
 Or was it fear, or artifice ? but art
 Was never made for thee ; thou need'st it not :
 Ev'n where it is most innocent, it looks
 Like falsehood, and perfidiousness : O Zara,
 Let it not break the holy tie that binds us :
 I ever have abhor'd it : Osman's heart
 Is full of nought but truth.

Z A R A.

Despair, and horror !

O thou art dear to me, indeed thou art,
 Believe me, Osman ; and the tender love,
 I feel for thee makes me supremely wretched.

O S M A N.

Explain thyself : O heav'n ! and can it be ?
 But thou wert born to make me wretched.

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

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Z A R A.

Why

Must I not speak?

O S M A N.

What dreadful secret, Zara,
Dost thou keep from me? have the Christian slaves
Conspir'd against me? speak, am I betray'd?

Z A R A.

Who wou'd betray so good so kind a master?
No, gen'rous Osman, thou hast nought to fear;
Zara alone is wretched: but her griefs
Are to herself.

O S M A N.

Great God! is Zara wretched?

Z A R A.

Permit me on my knees, my lord, to ask
One favour of thee.

O S M A N.

Were it Osman's life,
Thou might'st command it: speak, and it is thine.

Z A R A.

O wou'd to heav'n we cou'd have been united!
But O, my lord, permit me this one day
To be alone; leave me to meditate
On my misfortunes, and to hide my griefs
From thee; to-morrow all shall be reveal'd:

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

O heav'n! what woes dost thou inflict upon me!
Can'st thou——

Z A R A.

If love still pleads for Zara, grant her
This one request! do not refuse me.

O S M A N.

Well;

It must be so; I have no will but thine:
Remember that I sacrifice to thee
The dearest happiest moments of my life.

Z A R A.

O talk not thus, my lord, it wounds my heart
Too deeply.

O S M A N.

You will leave me, Zara?

Z A R A.

Yes:

I must; farewell.

S C E N E III.

O S M A N, O R A S M I N.

O S M A N.

So soon to seek retirement!
It is an insult o'er my easy heart;

The

The more I think, Orasmin, on her conduct,
The more am I perplex'd; I cannot find
The hidden cause of this mysterious sorrow:
By Osman's partial fondness rais'd to empire,
Ev'n in the bosom of that happiness
Her soul desir'd, thus loving and belov'd,
Yet are her eyes for ever bath'd in tears:
I hate her fond caprice, her discontent
And causeless grief—yet was not I to blame?
Did I not slight her? did I not offend
My Zara? wherefore then shou'd I complain?
I must atone for my injurious transports
By double kindness, by indulging her
In ev'ry wish: it is enough that Osman
Is lov'd by Zara: her untainted soul
Is void of art; her's is the tender age
Of innocence and truth, when simple nature
Guides ev'ry thought, and dictates ev'ry word:
I will rely on her sincerity:
I know she loves me; in her eyes I read
The tender tale; whilst her impatient soul
Flew to her lovely lips and told me all:
Can there on earth be hearts so base as e'er
To boast a passion which they never feel?

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

OSMAN, ORASMIN, MELIDOR.

MELIDOR.

My lord, the guards have stopp'd a letter sent
To Zara.

OSMAN.

Give it me : who sent it to her ?

MELIDOR.

One of those Christian slaves whom you releas'd,
Who, as he strove to enter the seraglio,
Was seiz'd, and put in chains.

OSMAN.

Ha ! what do I read !

Leave me---I tremble-----

S C E N E V.

OSMAN, ORASMIN.

ORASMIN.

This may clear up all,
And set your heart at ease.

OSMAN.

Ha ! let me read

Again ; this letter must determine all,
And fix my fate---‘ Dear Zara, now’s the time

‘ Ta

To meet us ; near the mosque thou wilt perceive
 A secret passage ; unsuspected thence
 Thou may'st escape, and easily deceive
 Thy keepers ; we must hazard all ; thou know'st
 My zeal : I wait impatient for thee ; haste,
 I cannot live, if thou shoud'st prove unfaithful.
 What say'st thou, my Orasmin ?

O R A S M I N.

I, my lord?

I'm shock'd, astonish'd at her.

O S M A N.

Now thou see'st

How I am treated.

O R A S M I N.

O detested treason !

You must resent an injury like this :
 You who so lately but on slight suspicion
 So deeply felt the wound ; a deed so black,
 I hope, my lord, will cure you of your love.

O S M A N.

Haste, my Orasmin, fly this instant, shew her
 That letter—let her tremble, and then plunge
 The dagger in her faithless breast—no, stay,
 Not yet—that Christian first—let him be brought
 Before her—stay—I can determine nothing,

My

My rage o'erpow'rs me; O I faint, support me,
Orasmin.

ORASMIN.

'Tis indeed a cruel stroke!

OSMAN.

'Tis all unfolded now, this dreadful secret,
That sat so heavy on her guilty heart:
Beneath the specious veil of modest fear
She left me for a while; I let her go;
She wept at parting; wept but to betray me;
O Zara, Zara.

ORASMIN.

Ev'ry thing conspires
To make her doubly guilty: O my lord,
Fall not a victim to her arts, recall
Thy wonted courage, and deep sense of wrong.

OSMAN.

This is the gallant, boasted, brave Nerestan,
The Christian's hero, that proud son of honour,
So fam'd for his sublimity of virtue;
Admir'd, nay envy'd by the jealous Osman;
Who cou'd not bear a rival in a slave,
And now he stoops to this vile treachery,
This base imposture: O but Zara—she
Is far more guilty, O a thousand times

More

More vile, more impious—a poor Christian slave,
 I might have left her in her mean estate,
 And not debas'd her ; well she knows what Osman
 Has done for her ; ungrateful wretch !

O R A S M I N.

My lord,
 If midst the horrors of thy troubled soul
 I might be heard—forgive me—but if——

O S M A N.

Yes :

I'll see, and talk to her—go, fetch her hither ;
 Fly, bring her, slave.

O R A S M I N.

In this distracted state
 What can you say to her ?

O S M A N.

I know not what ;
 But I must see her.

O R A S M I N.

To complain, to threaten,
 To make her weep, to let your easy heart
 Again be soften'd by her tears, to seek,
 In spite of all your wrongs, some poor pretence
 To justify her conduct : trust, me, sir,
 'Twere better to conceal this paper from her,
 Or send it to her by some hand unknown ;

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Thus,

Thus, spite of all her arts, thou may'st discover
Her inmost thoughts, and unsuspected trace
The secret windings of her treach'rous heart.

O S M A N.

Dost thou indeed believe that Zara's false?
But I will tempt my fate, and try her virtue;
I'll try how far a bold and shameless woman
Can urge her falsehood.

O R A S M I N.

O my lord, I fear,

A heart like thine——

O S M A N.

Be not alarm'd: alas!

Osman, like Zara, never can dissemble:
But I am master of myself, and know
How to restrain my anger: yes, Orasmin;
Since she descends so low—here—take this letter,
This fatal scroll, chuse out a trusty slave,
And send it to her—go:—I will avoid her:
Let her not dare approach—just heav'n! 'tis she.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

OSMAN, ZARA, ORASMIN.

Z A R A.

I have obey'd your orders, and attend you,
But own they much surpriz'd me; whence, my lord,
This sudden message? what important bus'ness—

O S M A N.

Bus'ness of moment, madam, of much more
Than you perhaps imagine; I've reflected
On our condition, Zara: we have made
Each other wretched, and 'tis fit we come
To explanations for our mutual int'rest:
Perhaps my care, my tenderness, my bounty,
The confidence my soul repos'd on Zara,
My pride forgot, my scepter at thy feet,
All my officious services demanded
Some kind return from Zara; nay perhaps
For ever courted, and for ever press'd
By a fond lover, thy reluctant heart
Might yield, mistaking gratitude for love:
Let us be free and open to each other,
Answer with truth to my sincerity:
If love's supreme unconquerable pow'r
Pleads for another, if thy doubtful heart

E 2

Uncertain

Uncertain wavers 'twixt his claim and mine,
 Avow it frankly, and I here forgive thee ;
 But pause not, let me know my rival, quick,
 Now whilst I'm here, whilst I am speaking to thee,
 A moment more will be too late for pardon.

Z A R A.

Is this a language fit for me to hear,
 Or you to speak, my lord? I've not deserv'd it ;
 But know, this injur'd heart, which heav'n hath try'd
 With fore affliction, cou'd defy thy pow'r,
 Did it not feel its foolish weakness still
 For Osman ; were it not for my fond love,
 That fatal passion, which I ought no more
 To cherish, never shou'd I thus descend
 To justify my conduct : whether heav'n,
 That still hath persecuted wretched Zara,
 Decrees that we shall pass our lives together,
 I know not ; but, whatever be my lot,
 By honour's sacred laws, that in my heart
 Are deeply grav'd, I swear, were Zara left
 To her own choice, she wou'd reject the vows
 Of pow'rful monarchs kneeling at her feet ;
 All wou'd be hateful to her after Osman :
 But I will tell thee more, will open all
 My foolish heart, will own it sigh'd for thee

Long

Long e'er thy passion justify'd my own :
 Never did Zara own another master,
 Nor ever will : here, bear me witness, heav'n !
 If I offended, if I have deserv'd
 Eternal wrath ; if Zara has been guilty,
 If she has been ungrateful, 'twas for thee

OSMAN.

Good heav'n ! she talks of tenderness and love,
 Though I have proof before me of her falsehood ;
 O black ingratitude ! O perjur'd Zara !

Z A R A.

What says my lord ? you seem disorder'd.

OSMAN.

No :

I am not, for thou lov'st me.

Z A R A.

That fierce tone,
 And wild demeanor, suit not with thy words ;
 Thou talk'st of love, yet fill'st my heart with terror.

OSMAN.

Thou lov'st me ?

Z A R A.

Can'st thou doubt it ? yet thy eyes
 Are red with anger ; what indignant looks
 They cast upon me ; fury's in thy aspect !
 Thou dost not doubt me ?

E 3

OSMAN.

O S M A N.

No: I doubt no longer :
You may retire: be gone.

S C E N E VII.

O S M A N, O R A S M I N.

O S M A N.

Did'st thou observe her,
Orasmin? how she braves it to the last!
She glories in her crime; so artful too,
So calmly, so deliberately false:
But say, my friend, hast thou dispatch'd that slave,
That I may know the worst of Zara's guilt,
And Osman's shame?

O R A S M I N.

I have obey'd your orders;
Now I may hope you will no longer sigh
For Zara and her treach'rous charms; henceforth
You must behold her with indifference,
Unless you shou'd at last repent your justice,
And love resume his empire o'er your heart.

O S M A N.

Orasmin, I adore her more than ever.

O R A S M I N.

Indeed, my lord? O heav'n!

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

Methinks I see

A dawn of hope before me : this young Christian,
This hated rival, bold, presumptuous, vain,
Full of his country's levity, perhaps,
But thinks that Zara listen'd to his vows,
One look from her might easily deceive him :
He thinks himself belov'd ; and he alone
May be to blame, they may not both be guilty :
She never saw that letter, I have been
Too ready to believe myself undone.

Orafmin, mark me—at the dead of night,
When darkness lends her sable veil to hide
The crimes of mortals, soon as this Nereestan
Comes to the palace, instant let the guard
Seize him, and bound in fetters bring him to me :
Leave Zara free: thou know'st my heart; thou know'st
To what excess I love ; thou know'st how fierce
My anger is, how cruel my resentment ;
I tremble but to think on it myself ;
O I have been most shamefully deceiv'd ;
But woe to those who have offended Osman.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

E 4

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

OSMAN, ORASMIN, a Slave.

OSMAN.

THEY'VE told her of it, and she comes to
meet him ;

False wretch!—remember, slave, thy master's fate

Is in thy hands : give her the Christian's letter ;

Observe her well, and bring me back her answer ;

Let me know all—but soft, she's here, Orasmin,

[To Orasmin.

Come thou with me, and let thy tender friendship

Teach me to hide my rage and my despair.

SCENE II.

ZARA, FATIMA, a Slave.

ZARA.

Who can desire to speak with wretched Zara,

At such a time, when all is horror round me?

If it shou'd be my brother! but the gates

Are shut on ev'ry side ; yet heav'n's high hand,

To strengthen my weak faith, by secret paths

Might lead him to me : but what unknown slave—

SLAVE.

This letter, madam, trusted to my hands,

Will speak my errand.

ZARA.

Z A R A.

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Z A R A.

Give it me.

[She reads.

F A T I M A. [Aside, whilst Zara reads the letter.

Great God!

Send down thy blessing, and deliver her
From barb'rous Osman!

Z A R A.

Fatima, come near me,
I must consult with thee.

F A T I M A.

[To the slave.

You may retire ;

Be ready when we call to you : away.

S C E N E III.

Z A R A, F A T I M A.

Z A R A.

Read this, my Fatima, and tell me what
I ought to do: I wou'd obey my brother.

F A T I M A.

Say rather, madam, that you wou'd obey
The will of heav'n ; 'tis not Nereflan calls,
It is the voice of God.

Z A R A.

I know it is ;

And I have sworn to serve him : but th' attempt

E 5

Is

Is dang'rous to my brother, and to myself,
To all the Christians.

F A T I M A.

'Tis not that alarms you,
'Tis not their danger that suggests thy fears,
'Tis love: I know thy heart wou'd judge like theirs,
Like theirs determine, did not love oppose it:
But O reflect, be mistress of thyself;
You fear t'offend a lover who has wrong'd,
Who has insulted you; thou can'st not see
The Tartar's soul thro' all his boasted virtues:
Did he not threaten ev'n whilst he ador'd?
And yet your heart preserves its fond attachment,
You sigh for Osman still.

Z A R A.

I have no cause
To hate him, Osman never injur'd me:
He offer'd me a throne, and I refus'd it;
The temple was adorn'd, the rites prepar'd,
And I, who ought to have rever'd his pow'r,
Despis'd his offer'd hand, and brav'd his anger.

F A T I M A.

And can'st thou in this great decisive hour
Neglect thy duty thus to think of love?

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

All, all conspires to drive me to despair:
No pow'r on earth can free me: I wou'd quit
With joy these walls so fatal to my peace,
Wou'd wish to see the Christian's happier clime,
Yet my fond heart in secret longs to stay
For ever here: how dreadful my condition!
I know not what I wish, or what I ought
To do, and only feel myself most wretched:
O I have sad forebodings of my fate,
Avert them, heav'n! preserve the Christians, save
My dearest brother!--when Nerestan's gone,
I will take courage, and impart to Osman
The dreadful secret; tell him to what faith
This heart is bound, and who is Zara's God;
I know his gen'rous soul will pity me:
But, be it as it will, whate'er I suffer,
I never will betray my brother: go,
And bring him here---call back that slave.

S C E N E IV.

Z A R A, alone.

O God!

Of my forefathers, God of Lusignan,
And all our race, O let thy hand direct,
Thine eye enlighten Zara.

S C E N E.

Z A R A.

S C E N E V.

Z A R A, a Slave.

Z A R A.

Tell the Christian

Who gave thee this, he may depend on me,
And Fatima is ready to conduct him.

[Aside.

Take courage, Zara, yet thou may'st be happy.

S C E N E VI.

O S M A N, O R A S M I N, a Slave.

O S M A N.

How ling'ring time retards my hasty vengeance!
He comes:---well, slave, what says she? answer me,
Speak.

S L A V E.

O my lord, her soul was deeply mov'd:
She wept, grew pale, and trembled; sent me out,
Then call'd me back, and with a fault'ring voice,
That spoke a heart oppress'd with sorrow, promis'd
To meet him there this night.

O S M A N. [To the slave.

Away; begone;

It is enough.---Orafmin, hence, I loath
The sight of every human being; go,

And

And leave me to the horrors of my soul ;
I hate the world, myself, and all mankind.

S C E N E VII.

OSMAN alone.

Where am I ? gracious heav'n ! O fatal passion !
Zara, Nerestan, ye ungrateful pair,
Haste, and deprive me of a life which you
Have made most wretched : O abandon'd Zara,
Thou shalt not long enjoy---what ho ! Orasmin.

S C E N E VIII.

OSMAN, ORASMIN.

OSMAN.

Cruel Orasmin ! thus to leave thy friend
In his distress ! this rival, is he come ?

ORASMIN.

Not yet, my lord.

OSMAN.

Detested night, that lend'st
Thy guilty veil to cover crimes like these !
The faithless Zara ! after all my kindness---
* Alas ! unmov'd, and with an eye serene,

* A manifest, tho' very imperfect imitation of that fine passage in Shakespear's Othello.

Had it pleas'd heav'n to try me with affliction, &c.

I cou'd have borne the loss of empire, kept
My peace of mind in poverty and chains,
But to be thus deceiv'd by her I love.---

O R A S M I N.

What purpose you, my lord? may I request.---

O S M A N.

Did'st thou not hear a dreadful cry?

O R A S M I N.

My lord!

O S M A N.

Methought I heard some noise: they're coming.

O R A S M I N.

No:

No creature stirs, the whole seraglio's wrapp'd
In sleep: all's silent; night's dark shade---

O S M A N.

All sleeps

But guilt, that wakes and spreads its horrors round me:
To urge her baseness to a height like this!

O Zara, thou could'st never know how much,

How tenderly I lov'd, how I ador'd thee;

One look from her, Orasmin, guides my fate,

And makes her Osman blest or curs'd for ever:

Pity my rage, away! ungrateful woman!

O R A S M I N.

And dost thou weep? did Osman weep? O heav'n!

O S M A N.

'Twas the first time I ever wept, Orasmin ;
But they are cruel tears, and death e'er long
Will follow them ; thou see'st my shame, Orasmin :
Now, Zara, weep, for they are tears of blood.

O R A S M I N.

I tremble for thee.

O S M A N.

Tremble for my love,
For my hard suff'rings, for my vengeance : hark !
They come ; I cannot be deceiv'd ; I hear them.

O R A S M I N.

Cloſe by the palace wall they creep along.

O S M A N.

Fly, ſeize Nereſtan, bring him here in chains
Before me.

S C E N E IX.

OSMAN, ZARA, FATIMA. [In the dark, at the
bottom of the ſtage.

Z A R A.

Fatima, come near me.

O S M A N.

Hark !

What do I hear ? 'tis the enchanting voice
That hath ſo oft ſeduc'd me, that falſe tongue,
The

The instrument of guilt and perfidy ;
 But now for vengeance---O 'tis she, 'tis Zara,
 I cannot strike,

[He takes out a dagger,
 Th' uplifted poniard drops
 From my weak hand : O heav'n !

Z A R A.

This is the way,
 Come on, support me, Fatima.

F A T I M A.

He comes.

O S M A N.

That word awakes my flumb'ring rage : she dies.

Z A R A.

I tremble ev'ry step I take ; my heart
 Sinks down with fear : Nereftan, is it you ?
 I've waited a long time.

O S M A N. [Runs up to Zara and stabs her.

'Tis I, false woman !

'Tis Ofman, whom thou hast betray'd : thou dy'st.

Z A R A.

[Falling on a sofa.

O I am slain ; great God !

O S M A N.

I am reveng'd :

What have I done ? punish'd the guilty : here

I'll leave her :---ha ! her lover too---now fate
Completes my vengeance.

S C E N E the last.

OSMAN, ZARA, NERESTAN, ORASMIN, Slaves.

OSMAN.

Bring the villain hither :

Approach, thou midnight plunderer, who com'st
To rob me of my all : now, traitor, take
Thy due reward ; prepare thyself for torments,
For mis'ries, almost equal to my own :
You have giv'n orders for his punishment ?

O R A S M I N.

I have, my lord.

O S M A N.

A part of it thou feel'st
Already in thy heart ; I see thou look'st
Around thee for the partner of thy crimes,
'The wretch who hast dishonour'd me—look there.

N E R E S T A N.

What fatal error---ha !

O S M A N.

Look, there she lies.

N E R E S T A N.

What do I see ? my sister ! Zara dead !
O monster ! O unhappy hour !

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

His sister!

Impossible!

N E R E S T A N.

Barbarian, 'tis too true:

Haste, Osman, haste, and shed the poor remains
 Of Lusignan's high blood; destroy Nerestan,
 The last of our unhappy race: know, tyrant,
 That Lusignan was Zara's wretched father:
 Within these arms the good old man expir'd:
 And sad Nerestan brought his last farewell,
 His dying words to Zara: yes, I came
 To strengthen her weak heart, direct her will,
 And turn her to the Christian faith: alas!
 She had oppos'd the will of heav'n, and now
 Our God hath punish'd her for loving thee.

O S M A N.

Did Zara love me, Fatima?---his sister!
 Did she love Osman, say'st thou?

F A T I M A.

Tyrant, yes:

That was her only crime, and thou hast murder'd
 A lovely innocent who still ador'd
 Her cruel master; still had hopes the God
 Of her forefathers gracious wou'd receive

The

The tribute of her tears, and pity her ;
Wou'd have compassion on her artless youth,
Forgive her weakness, and perhaps one day
Unite her to thee: O to that excess
She lov'd thee, that her heart was long divided
'Twixt Osman and her God.

OSMAN.

It is enough ;
I was belov'd : away, I'll hear no more.

NERESTAN.

Who next must fall a victim to thy rage?
Thine and thy father's hand have spilt the blood
Of all our race, Nerestan only lives
To brave thee ; haste, and send him to that father
Whose guiltless daughter thou hast sacrific'd :
Where are your torments? I despise them all :
I've felt the worst thou can'st inflict upon me :
But O if yet, all savage as thou art,
'Thou can'st attend to honour's voice, remember
The Christian slaves whom thou hast sworn to free :
Speak, hast thou yet humanity enough
'To keep thy sacred promise? if thou hast,
I die contented.

OSMAN.

Zara!

ORASMIN.

O R A S M I N.

O fir, go in,

Let me intreat you---let Nereftan——

N E R E S T A N.

Speak,

Barbarian, what's thy will?

O S M A N. [After a long pause.

Take off his chains,

Orafmin, let his friends be all fet free ;

Let the poor Christians have whate'er they wifh ;

Give them large presents, and conduct them fafe

To Joppa.

O R A S M I N.

Sir!

O S M A N.

Reply not, but obey me,

I am thy fultan, and thy friend ; no more,

But do it instantly --

[To Nereftan.

And thou, brave warrior,

Brave, but unfortunate, yet not fo wretched

As Ofman is, leave thou this bloody fcene,

And take with thee the victim of my rage,

The dear, the guiltlefs Zara : to thy king,

And to thy fellow Christians, when thou tell'ft

Thy mournful ftory, ev'ry eye will fhed

A tear for thee ; all will deteft the crime,

And

And some perhaps lament the fate of Osman :
But take this dagger with thee, which I plung'd
In Zara's breast ; * tell 'em I kill'd the best,
The sweetest, dearest innocent that heav'n
E'er form'd ; this cruel hand destroy'd her : tell 'em
That I ador'd, and that I have reveng'd her :

[Stabs himself.

[To his attendants.

Respect this hero, and conduct him safe.

N E R E S T A N.

Direct me, heav'n ! mid'st all my miseries,
And all thy guilt, I must admire thee, Osman ;
Nay more, thy foe Nerestan must lament thee.

END of the FIFTH and last ACT.

* This is plainly copied from Othello's last speech ; it is observable that Mr. Voltaire, who takes every opportunity of condemning the great Shakespear, has, notwithstanding, condescended, in many places, to borrow from him.

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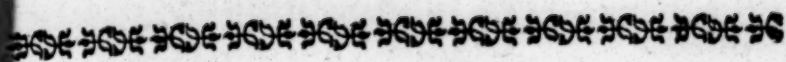
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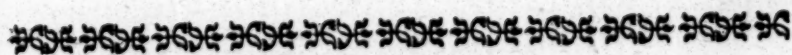


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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS comedy is partly imitated from an English piece, called, the PLAIN DEALER. It does not suit very well with the French stage, the manners are too rough and bold, though much less so than in the original. The English seem to take too much liberty, and the French too little.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. de DORFISE, a Widow.

M. de BURLET, her Cousin.

COLLETTE, Chambermaid to Dorfise.

BLANDFORD, a Captain of a Ship.

DARMIN, his Friend.

BARTOLIN, a Cashier.

MONDOR, a Coxcomb.

ADINE, Niece to Darmin, and disguis'd like a young Greek.

SCENE, MARSEILLES.

THE
P R U D E.
A
C O M E D Y.

A-C T I. S C E N E I.

DARMIN, ADINE.

ADINE, drest like a Turk.

O My dear uncle, what a cruel voyage! what dangers have we run! and then my dress and appearance too: still must I conceal under this turban my sex, my name, and the secret of my foolish heart.

DARMIN.

At last we are return'd safe: in good truth, niece, I pity you; but, your father dying consul in Greece, both of us left as we were after his death without money or friends; your youth, beauty and accomplishments but so many dangerous advantages; and

to crown all our misfortunes, that wicked Bashaw desperately in love with you; what was to be done? you were oblig'd to disguise yourself, and make your escape as fast as possible.

A D I N E.

Alas! I have yet other dangers to encounter with.

D A R M I N.

Dear girl, be compos'd, nor blush at what can't be prevented; embarking with me in such a hurry, and forc'd to disguise yourself in that manner, you cou'd not, with any decency, resume your sex on board a ship before a hundred sailors, who were more to be fear'd than your old debauch'd Bashaw: but happily for us, every thing has turn'd out well, and we are safely arrived at Marseilles, out of the reach of amorous Bashaws, near your friends and relations, amongst Frenchmen, and good sort of people.

A D I N E.

Blandford is certainly an honest man: but how dearly will his virtues cost me! that I shou'd be forc'd to return with him!

D A R M I N.

Your deceas'd father design'd you for him: he had set his heart on that match, when you were but a child.

A D I N E.

A D I N E.

There he was deceiv'd.

D A R M I N.

Blandford, my dear, when he is better acquainted with you, will do justice to your charms: he can never be long attach'd to a prude, who makes it her perpetual study to deceive and impose upon him.

A D I N E.

They say she is handsome: he is constant in his nature, and will always love her.

D A R M I N.

Constant! who is so in love, child?

A D I N E.

I am afraid of Dorfise.

D A R M I N.

She has too much intrigue about her: her prudery, they say, has a little too much gallantry in it: her heart is false, and her tongue scandalous: never fear her, my girl, deceit can only last for a time.

A D I N E.

Ay, but that time may be long, very long: the thought makes me miserable: Dorfise deceives him, and Dorfise has found the way to please.

DARMIN.

But, after all, niece, has Blandford really got so far into your heart?

ADINE.

He has indeed; ever since that day, when the two Algerine vessels attack'd us with such violence: O how I trembled for him! I think verily I was as much frighten'd for him as for you; I wish'd to be a man indeed, that I might have defended him: don't you remember, uncle, it was Blandford alone who sav'd us when our ship was on fire? good heav'n! how I admir'd his courage, and his virtues! they are deeply grav'd in my heart, and never to be effaced.

DARMIN.

A grateful heart cannot but be prejudic'd in favour of such distinguish'd virtue. I don't so much wonder at your choice: fine eyes, a noble demeanor, a good shape, and scarce thirty years of age, these are great recommendations to his—virtue: but then his strange humour, and austerity, can surely never be agreeable to you.

ADINE.

Why not? I am naturally serious myself, and perhaps in him may be fond even of my own faults.

DARMIN.

D A R M I N.

He hates the world.

A D I N E.

They say, he has reason.

D A R M I N.

His temper is too easy and complying, he relies too much on others, and is too generous; and then his moroseness makes his freedom disagreeable.

A D I N E.

The greatest fault he has, in my opinion, is his passion for Dorcise.

D A R M I N.

That's too true; why then won't you endeavour to open his eyes, disabuse him, and shine in your true character?

A D I N E.

How is it possible to shine in any character till we are able to please? alas! from the first day he took us both on board, I have been afraid he shou'd discover me, and now I am on shore have still the same apprehensions.

D A R M I N.

I intended to have discover'd you to him myself.

A D I N E.

For heav'ns sake don't; but join with me in my design upon him: sacrific'd as I am to the ador'd

Dorise, I wou'd wish to remain still unknown to him, and wou'd have him continue a stranger to that victim which he offers up to love.

D A R M I N.

What then is your design?

A D I N E.

This very night to retire to a convent, and avoid the sight of an ungrateful man, whom I cannot help loving.

D A R M I N.

Indeed, niece, those who go to a convent in haste, generally live to repent it at leisure: I tell you child, time will do all things: in the mean while a more dreadful misfortune calls for our attention: the very instant that this new * Du-Gué so nobly got off his ship, both his fortune and mine went to the bottom: we are both involv'd in the same calamity, and are come to Marseilles full of hope, but without a shilling! and must therefore look out for some immediate assistance: love, my dear niece, is not always the only thing to be thought of.

* Alluding to the famous Gué-Trouin, the French admiral.

A D I N E.

ADINE.

There, uncle, I differ from you ; when we are in love, I think it is.

DARMIN.

Time will open your eyes: love, my dear, at your age is blind, but not at mine ; and where there is no fortune, and nothing but grief and poverty with it, has very few charms ; only the rich and happy should be in love.

ADINE.

You think then, my dear uncle, that now you are in distress you can have no mistress ; and that your widow Burlet will forsake you immediately, as soon as she knows your circumstances.

DARMIN.

My distress perhaps may serve her for an excuse, such my dear, is the custom of the world ; but I have other cares to afflict me, I want money, and that's the most pressing calamity.

SCENE II.

BLANDFORD, DARMIN, ADINE.

BLANDFORD.

So! so! in the age we live in every thing may be had of every body but money: what a heap of close

F 5

embraces,

embraces, kisses, fulsome compliments, false oaths, joyous welcomes, have I receiv'd from this whole city! but no sooner were they acquainted with my distress than every soul forsook me: such is this world.

DARMIN.

It is indeed a base one: but your friends came in search of you?

BLANDFORD.

Friends! know you any such? I have look'd for them, and have found a number of scoundrels of every rank and degree: I have found honest men too, that live in the bosom of indolence and plenty, like their own marbles, hard, polish'd, and always wrapp'd up in themselves, and their own interests; but worthy hearts, elevated souls, who were not the slaves of fortune, such as take a generous pleasure in relieving the unhappy, these, Darmin, I have seldom, very seldom met with: there is nought but vice and corruption on every side: Mammon is the god of this world; and I wish, with all my heart, that all mankind was sunk with our vessel, and was bury'd in the waves.

DARMIN.

Be so good as to except me from your general sentence.

ADINE.

ADINE.

The world, I do believe, is false : and yet I think there is in it still a heart worthy of you ; a heart that can boast of courage with sensibility, and strength with softness ; which wou'd resent the unkind treatment you have met with by loving you, if possible, but the more for it : tender in its vows, and constant in its attachment to you.

BLANDFORD.

Invaluable treasure ! but where is it to be found ?

ADINE.

In me.

BLANDFORD.

In thee ! away, deceitful boy, am I in a condition, think you, to listen to such idle tales ? pry-thee, young man, chuse a fitter time to jest in : yes, even in this world, I know there are pure and uncorrupted hearts, who will cherish my misfortune, and pity my distress : even in this low condition I have the happiness to reflect, that Dorfise at least knows how to love and to distinguish virtue.

ADINE.

Dorfise then is the idol of your heart ?

BLANDFORD.

She is.

ADINE.

You have try'd and prov'd her then ?

F 6

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

I have.

DARMIN.

My late brother, before he went into Greece, if I remember right, design'd my niece for you.

BLANDFORD.

Your late brother, my friend, had a bad choice then: I have made a much better: I have determin'd in favour of that virtue which, banish'd from the world, hath taken up its residence in the breast of my Dorfise.

ADINE.

Merit like her's is rare indeed; I am astonish'd at it: but, great as it is, it cannot equal her happiness.

BLANDFORD.

This youth is of a noble nature, and I love him; he takes my part even against you.

DARMIN.

Not so much perhaps as you think: but pray tell me, how happen'd it that this Dorfise, with all her attachment and love for you, never wrote to you for a whole year?

BLANDFORD.

Wou'd you have had her write to me through the air, or the post travel by sea? I have receiv'd large packets

packets from her before now, letters wrote in such a stile too—so much truth, so much good sense, nothing affected, embarrass'd, or obscure, no false wit, nothing but the language of nature and the heart ; such is the effect of real love.

DARMIN. [To Adine.

You turn pale.

BLANDFORD.

[Looking earnestly at Adine.

What's the matter with you?

ADINE.

With me, sir? O sir, I have got a sad pain at my heart.

BLANDFORD. [To Darmin.

His heart ! and what a tone too ! a girl of his age wou'd have more strength and courage : I love the lad, but am astonish'd at his effeminacy : he was never made for such a voyage ; he's afraid of the sea, the enemy, and every wind that blows : I caught him one day sitting down to a looking-glass : he appears to be cut out for the gay world, to sit in a box at a play-house and admire his fine form, which he seems to be mightily enamoured with : 'tis a very Narcissus.

DARMIN.

He has beauty.

BLAND.

BLANDFORD.

Ay, but he shou'd beware of vanity.

ADINE.

You need not fear, sir, 'tis not myself that I admire: I am more likely to hate myself, I assure you; I love nothing that resembles me.

BLANDFORD.

Dorise, my friend, is after all the mistress of my fate: convinc'd as I long have been of her prudence, I gave her a promise of marriage; at parting I left every thing I had in her possession, jewels, notes, contracts, ready money, all, thank heav'n, have I frankly trusted to my dear Dorise; and her I consign'd to the virtue of my friend Mr. Bartholin.

DARMIN.

What! Bartholin the cashier?

BLANDFORD.

The same; a good friend, who esteems me, and whom I love.

DARMIN.

[In an ironical tone.

To be sure you have made an excellent choice, and are extremely happy in a mistress and a friend: not at all prejudic'd.

BLAND.

THE PRUDE.

III

BLANDFORD.

Not in the least : I am impatient at their absence,
and long to see them.

ADINE.

[Aside.

I can bear it no longer : I must go.

BLANDFORD.

You seem disorder'd.

ADINE.

Every one has some misfortunes or other ; mine
are heavy indeed, they overpower me, but they will
cease—with Blandford's.

[She goes out.

BLANDFORD.

I know not why, but his grief affects me.

DARMIN.

'Tis an amiable youth, and seems wonderfully
attached to you.

BLANDFORD.

Blandford's heart is not a bad one, and what for-
tune I have, how small soever it be, shall be in com-
mon with us both ; as soon as Dorise returns me the
money I left with her, your young Adine shall have
a part of it : I wish his voice was a little more mas-
culine, and his air more easy : but time and care
must form the manners of youth : he is modest,
sensible, and has just notions of right and wrong.

I ob-

I observ'd through the whole voyage, that he wou'd blush at any indecent expressions which my people made use of on board : I promise you I shall endeavour to be a father to him.

D A R M I N.

That's not what he wants of you ; but come, let us go immediately to Dorfise, at least we shall get your money of her.

B L A N D F O R D.

True : but that unlucky Dæmon, that always accompanies me, has contriv'd to keep her in the country still.

D A R M I N.

Well, but the cashier——

B L A N D F O R D.

The cashier is there too ; but they will both come to town, as soon as they know I am here.

D A R M I N.

You are satisfy'd then that M. Dorfise is always devoted to your service.

B L A N D F O R D.

Why shou'd she not ? if I keep my faith to her, surely she may do the same by me ; I have not been so foolish, as, like you, to throw away my heart on a gay coquette.

D A R-

DARMIN.

It may happen that I shall find myself despis'd, but that you know every man is liable to ; I own to you, her airy trifling humour is very different from that of her wise cousin.

BLANDFORD.

But what will you do with a heart so——

DARMIN.

Nothing at all : I shall hold my tongue, till our two fair idols make their appearance at Marseilles : apropos, here comes our friend Mondor.

BLANDFORD.

Our friend ? said you ! he our friend ?

DARMIN.

His head no doubt is a little of the lightest, but at the bottom he is a worthy character.

BLANDFORD.

Prythee undeceive thyself, dear Darmin, and be assur'd that friendship requires a firmer mind than his ; fools are incapable of love.

DARMIN.

But the wise man, does he love so much then ? come, we may reap some advantages from this fool notwithstanding ; as the case now stands with us, there will be no harm in borrowing his money.

SCENE

SCENE III.

BLANDFORD, DARMIN, MONDOR.

MONDOR.

Morrow, morrow, my dears ; so you are still in the land of the living : I'm glad on't, glad on't, with all my heart : good morrow to you ; but pray, who is that pretty boy I saw in t'other room ? whence comes he ? did he come over with you ? what is he, Turk, Greek, your son, your page, what do you do with him ? where do you sup to-night, ha ? boys, where do you throw your handkerchiefs ? what ! are you going post to Versailles to give an account of your battles ? have you got ever a patron here ?

BLANDFORD.

No.

MONDOR.

What, never made your bows at court ?

BLANDFORD.

No : I made my bows at sea ; my services are my patrons ; the only artifices I make use of ; I never was at court in my life.

MONDOR.

Then you never got any thing.

BLAND-

THE PRUDE.

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BLANDFORD.

I never ask'd it ; I wait till the master's eye in its own time shall find me out.

MONDOR.

Yes : and these fine sentiments will carry you, as they do every body else, at their own time, to gaol.

DARMIN.

We are pretty near it already, for our honour and glory has not left us a shilling.

MONDOR.

I am inclin'd to think so.

DARMIN.

Dear knight, let us fairly confess to you——

MONDOR.

In two words I must inform you——

DARMIN.

That our friend here has had a terrible loss——

MONDOR.

That I have made, my dear, a discovery——

DARMIN.

Of all his fortune——

MONDOR.

Of a famous beauty——

DAR.

DARMIN.

Which he was carrying——

MONDOR.

To whom without vanity——

DARMIN.

By sea——

MONDOR.

After a deal of mysterious conduct——

DARMIN.

In his ship——

MONDOR.

I have the happiness to be well with.

DARMIN.

This, sir, is a misfortune——

MONDOR.

O'tis a most enchanting pleasure to conquer these excessive scruples, to get the better of that modesty, that fierce angry preceptor who is always thwarting and scolding at nature: I had once an inclination for lady Burlet, for her gayety, and those pretty light airs she gives herself; but that was a foolish taste, as foolish as herself.

DARMIN.

I'm glad to hear it.

MON-

MONDOR.

O no, 'tis the prude I doat on: encourag'd by the difficulty, I presented my apple to the beauty.

DARMIN.

Ay, sir, this prude, who has captivated your heart, this proud beauty is——

MONDOR.

Dorlife.

BLANDFORD. [Laughing.

Dorlife! is it? O you know, I suppose, who you are speaking to?

MONDOR.

To you, my friend.

BLANDFORD.

I pity thy folly, young man, and shall take care that, for the future, this lady shall never encourage such sparks as you.

MONDOR.

Very well, my dear: but let me tell you,—your wife woman never complains when she is taken by a fool.

BLANDFORD.

Be so kind however, my friend, as to play the fool no longer with her, for know, her virtues are destin'd to make me happy; she is mine, and has promis'd to marry me; she waits with impatience till we are united.

MON-

MONDOR [Laughing.

The pretty note that my friend Blandford has there! [*To Darmin.*] you say he wants a few more in his distress; here, Darmin.

[He is going to give him a pocket-book.

BLANDFORD. [Stopping Darmin.
Stay, take care, Darmin.

DARMIN.

Why, you wou'd not—

BLANDFORD.

From him I wou'd not—receive any thing; when I do any man the favour to borrow of him, it shall be one whom I think worthy of it; it shall be a friend.

MONDOR.

And am not I your friend?

BLANDFORD.

No, sir: a friend indeed? an excellent friend, that wants to run away with my wife; a friend who this very night perhaps wou'd entertain twenty coxcombs at my expence: O I know them well; these fashionable friends, these friends of the world.

MONDOR.

That world, sir, which you grumble at, is better than all your ill humour. Your servant, sir.

I am going this moment to the fair Dorfise, to split my sides with laughing at your folly.

[Is going off.

BLANDFORD. [Stopping him.

What say you fir? Darmin, how is this? can Dorfise be here?

MONDOR.

Most assuredly.

BLANDFORD.

O heav'n!

MONDOR.

And pray what is there in that so wonderful?

BLANDFORD.

In her own house?

MONDOR.

Yes, I tell you, at Marseilles; I met her just as I came in, returning in a violent hurry from the country.

BLANDFORD. [Aside.

To meet me! thank heav'n! now all my sorrows are past: come, I'll go, and see her.

MONDOR.

Done: with all my heart: the more fools there are, the more one laughs.

BLANDFORD. [Going to the door.
I'll rap.

MONDOR.

Rap away.

COLLETTE. [In the house.

Who's there?

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

'Tis I.

MONDOR.

'Tis I myself.

SCENE IV.

BLANDFORD, DARMIN, COLLETTE, MONDOR.

COLLETTE. [Coming out of the house,
Blandford! Darmin! amazing: lord, fir—

BLANDFORD.

Collette!

COLLETTE.

Bless me, fir, I thought you had been drown'd
long ago; you're welcome, fir.

BLANDFORD.

No, Collette; just heav'n, propitious to my
love, preserv'd me, that I might once more see
thy dear mistress.

COLLETTE.

She is this moment gone out, fir.

DARMIN.

And her cousin too?

COLLETTE.

Yes, fir, her cousin is gone along with her.

BLANDFORD.

But where, for heav'n's sake, is she gone? where
must I find her?

C O L-

COLLETTE.

[Making a prudish courtesie.

At the—assembly.

BLANDFORD.

What assembly?

COLLETTE.

Lord, sir, you are mighty ignorant: you must know, sir, there are about twenty ladies of fashion most intimately connected together to reform the age, to correct our foolish young women, to substitute in the room of that scandal which now prevails a prudent modesty and reserve, and M. Dorcise is at the head of the party.

BLANDFORD. [To Darmin.

But how happens it, Darmin, that such a coxcomb as this shou'd be suffer'd by so rigid, so severe a beauty?

DARMIN.

O prudes love coxcombs.

BLANDFORD.

Where does she go from the assembly?

COLLETTE.

That I can't tell: to do good in secret I suppose.

BLANDFORD.

Secretly! that's the height of virtue; but when may I, in my turn, speak with her at home?

THE PRUDE.

MONDOR.

That sir, you must ask me; and I believe I may venture to grant it you: you may see her, sir, as you us'd to do.

BLANDFORD.

Your business, sir, is to respect her, and take care that you say nothing to her prejudice.

DARMIN.

And her cousin too, pray where is she to be found? I was told they liv'd together.

COLLETTE.

They do so: but their tastes are different, and they are seldom together. M. Burlet, with ten or a dozen young fellows, and as many pretty women, entertains herself every day, keeps a plentiful table, and goes for ever to the comedy: afterwards they dance, or play; always at her house you will meet with good suppers, new songs, and bons mots, old wines, red and white, ice-cream, liqueurs, new ribbons, Saxon monkeys, rich bagatelles, invented by * Hebert for the use of the fine ladies day and night, pleasures succeeding pleasures; scarce is there a moment left even to scandalise one another.

* A famous dealer in trinkets at Paris.

MONDOR.

Ay, this, my friend, is the way to live.

DARMIN.

But whither must I follow her?

COLLETTE.

Every where ; for she runs about from morning to night, and sees every thing ; plays, balls, music, suppers ; she is always employ'd : perhaps very late in the evening you may meet with her and her joyous companions at home, about supper time.

BLANDFORD.

If, after what I have heard, you are fond of her, my friend, you must have as little understanding as herself ; is it possible to love a woman, who has all the follies of her sex put together ? to be sure it will be worth your while to follow her chariot wheels, to dance after a coquette, and sigh and whine for a ridiculous creature, who thinks of nothing but her pleasures.

DARMIN.

I may be mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that a love of pleasure, and the strictest honour, may be consistent with each other ; and I am likewise of opinion, with all due deference to you be it

spoken, that a prude, with all her severity of virtue, may do a great deal of good in public, and yet in secret is often good for—just nothing.

BLANDFORD.

Well, well! we shall be better judges by and by; you shall see my choice, and I your's.

MONDOR.

Ay, ay, by that time you return, my dears, the place will be taken.

BLANDFORD.

By whom, pray?

MONDOR.

By me.

BLANDFORD.

By you?

MONDOR.

I have made too good use of your absence to be afraid of your presence, I assure you: so, fare ye well.

SCENE V.

BLANDFORD, DARMIN.

BLANDFORD.

Well, what think you? can one be jealous of such a creature?

DARMIN.

O, fools have fortune, you know: nothing more common.

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

You can never imagine, sure——

DARMIN.

O yes: your sensible women are very fond of fools at times: but I must take my leave, to know my own fate, and see whether I am a happy or a forsaken lover.

[He goes out.]

BLANDFORD alone.

Ay, ay, make haste, and get your dismissal: poor fellow! I pity him: how happy am I to have made choice of a woman worthy my esteem! unfortunate as I have been, I have reason to bless the hour of my return: reason increases my passion: yes: I am resolv'd; I will leave the world, the whole ungrateful world, for one good and worthy woman. I have had enough of hopes and fears: the port at length appears, and there will I shelter myself: what is all the world to this? a foolish, ridiculous, fatal world! ought I not to detest it? there is not a friend remaining in it; not a creature, who at the bottom really cares a farthing for one: O'tis a vile world: if there is any love or affection to be expected, it must be from a wife; all the difficulty is how to chuse one. A coquette is a monster one

wou'd avoid, but a beautiful, a tender, and a sensible woman, is the noblest work of nature.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DORFISE, M. de BURLET, MONDOR.

DORFISE.

I MUST beg you, Mr. Mondor, not to indulge yourself in this excessive familiarity: it is impossible for ears so chaste as mine to suffer such liberties.

MONDOR. [Laughing.

And yet you like 'em: you rate me for my impertinence, but you listen to it: why, my dear, your hair is cut short on purpose, that you may hear the better.

DORFISE.

Again?

M. de BURLET.

Indeed I shall take his part: you are too rigid, and affect too much severity; liberty is not always licentiousness; there is nothing indecent, in my opinion, in little sallies of innocent mirth and
gayety,

gayety, which we may chuse whether we will understand or not ; but your outrageous virtue wou'd shut up our mouths and our ears together.

DORFISE.

I wou'd indeed, cousin : and moreover, I wou'd advise you to shut your doors too against some visitors whom I frequently see here ; I have told you often enough, cousin, it will ruin your reputation : how can you suffer such a libertine crew ? Cleon, that pretty fellow, who is mighty brilliant without a spark of wit, and is always laughing at the good things he wou'd make you believe he has just said : Damon, who, for twenty beauties that he is in love with, makes twenty madrigals as insipid as himself ; and that Robin, who is always talking of himself, with the old pedant that makes every creature sick of him : then there's my cousin too, that——

MONDOR.

Enough, enough, madam : let every body speak in their turn ; and since your ladyship shews so much good nature in speaking of the world, I will endeavour to convince you I have at least as much charity as yourself, and propose giving you in three words a picture of the whole city : to begin then with——

DORFISE.

Stop thy licentious tongue: none shou'd dare to chastise vice but persons of the strictest virtue: I cannot bear to hear libertines satirising others who are much less culpable than themselves; for my part, what I say is from my regard to the honour of human nature, and disgust of the world, this vile world: how I do hate it!

M. de BURLET.

For all that, cousin, it has some attractions.

DORFISE.

For you, I believe it has, and to your ruin.

M. de BURLET.

And has it none for you, cousin? do you really hate the world?

DORFISE.

Horribly.

M. de BURLET.

And all the pleasures of it?

DORFISE.

Abominably.

M. de BURLET.

Plays? balls?

MONDOR.

Musical dancing—

DORFISE.

O, my dear, they are all the devil's inventions.

M. de

THE PRUDE.

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M. de BURLET.

But dress and finery? you must acknowledge—

DORFISE.

All vanity! O how I regret every minute thrown away at my toilette! I hate to look at myself; and, of all things in nature detest a looking-glass.

M. de BURLET.

And yet, my dear rigid cousin, you seem tolerably well dress'd.

DORFISE.

Do I?

MONDOR.

Extremely well.

DORFISE.

Plain, very plain.

MONDOR.

But with taste.

M. de BURLET.

You may say what you please, but your wise ladyship loves to please.

DORFISE.

I love to please? O heav'n!

M. de BURLET.

Come, come, be honest: have not you some small inclination to this young rattle? he's not ill made.

[Pointing to Mondor.]

MONDOR.

O fy!

M. de BURLET.

Young, rich, and handsome.

MONDOR.

Poh, prythee.

G 5

DOR-

DORFISE.

O abominable! a handsome young man is my aversion; handsome and young! O fy, fy.

MONDOR.

Upon my soul, madam, I am concern'd for both of us; the wicked woman to talk so: but pray, madam, this Blandford, who is come back without his ship, is he so rich, and young, and handsome?

DORFISE.

Blandford? why, is he here?

MONDOR.

Certainly.

COLLETTE. [Ent'ring hastily.

O madam! I come to tell you——

DORFISE. [Whisp'ring Collette.

Hark'ee.

M. de BURLETTE.

How's this?

DORFISE. [To Mondor.

I thought since he took his leave of me he had been cur'd of all his faults; to tell you the truth, I imagin'd he had been dead long ago.

MONDOR.

No, madam, he is alive, I assure you: the pirate intends to sink me at once: he pretends to be a favourite of your's.

DORFISE. [Aside to Collette.
O Collette!

COLLETTE.

O madam!

DORFISE. [To Mondor.

Dear sir, can't you find out some means of sending him to sea again?

MONDOR.

O yes: with all my heart.

M. de BURLET.

Pray, sir, are there any news of his intimate friend and confidant, Darmin? is he arriv'd too?

MONDOR.

He is, madam: the captain it seems fell in with him at some port or other: they have had a battle at sea, and now returned home without a stiver; Blandford has brought with him a little Greek too, the handsomest, genteelest ———

DORFISE.

O yes: I believe I saw him just by my house: large black eyes?

MONDOR.

The same.

DORFISE.

Penetrating, yet full of softness: rosy cheeks?

MONDOR.

He has so.

DORFISE.

Fine hair, and teeth: something in his air that's noble and fine?

MONDOR.

The very paragon of nature.

DORFISE.

If his morals are good; if he is well-born and discreet, I'll see him: you shall bring him to me—tho' he is young.

M. de BURLET.

I must find out Darmin's lodging as soon as possible: here la Fleur, go this minute and carry him this five hundred pounds, [*she gives a purse to la Fleur.*] and tell him I expect Blandford and him to supper with me: our friends have long wish'd for his return, and none more than myself; never did I know a better creature, more honest, or ingenuous: I admire above all things his amiable complacency, and those social virtues that so strongly recommend him.

DORFISE.

Blandford is not of his disposition: he is so serious.

MONDOR.

So full of spleen!

DORFISE.

True, and so jealous!

MON.

MONDOR.

So affronting!

DORFISE.

He is——

MONDOR.

Very true.

DORFISE.

Let me speak, sir; I say he is——

MONDOR.

Yes, madam, I attend to you—he is——

DORFISE.

He is in short a dangerous man.

M. de BURLET.

They tell me he has fought nobly for his king and country, and distinguish'd himself greatly at sea.

DORFISE.

That may be, cousin, but by land he is dreadfully troublesome.

MONDOR.

And besides he is——

DORFISE.

True.

MONDOR.

O those sailors have all of them such horrid principles.

DORFISE.

They have so.

M. de

M. de BURLET.

But I have heard, cousin, that you formerly
[gave him some hopes——

DORFISE.

Yes: but since that I have taken an antipathy to
the whole world, and quitted it: I began with
him; 'twas he and the world together that have
made me so fearful.

SCENE II.

DORFISE, M. de BURLET, MONDER, COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

Madam!

DORFISE.

Well!

COLLETTE.

Mr. Blandford is come.

DORFISE.

O heav'n!

M. de BURLETTE.

Is Darmin with him?

COLLETTE.

Yes, madam.

M. de BURLET.

I am heartily glad on't.

DORFISE.

And I'm heartily sorry; I must retire; I wou'd
fly from the whole world.

MON-

THE PRUDE.

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MONDOR.

With me, I hope.

DORFISE.

No, sir, if you please, without you.

[She goes out.]

SCENE III.

M. de BURLET, BLANDFORD, DARMIN,
MONDOR, ADINE.

DARMIN. [To M. de Burlet.

Permit me, madam, at length on my knees—

M. de BURLET. [Running up to Darmin.

O my dear Darmin, come along, I've made a party for you to go to the ball when the comedy is over: we'll prate as we go along; my chariot's below.

[To Blandford.

And you, Mr. Solemnity, will you come with us?

BLANDFORD.

No: I come here, madam, on a serious affair: away, ye train of triflers, go, and pretend to pleasures which you never enjoy; go, and be weary of one another as soon as you can: you and I, [*turning to Adine.*] will go in search of Dorfise.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

BLANDFORD, ADINE, COLLETTE.

BLANDFORD.

There we shall see a woman indeed; a woman submitting to every duty of life; a woman who for me has renounc'd the whole world; and who to her faithful passion joins the most scrupulous and rigid virtue: I hope you will endeavour to recommend yourself to her.

ADINE.

Of that, sir, you may assure yourself; I shall try to imitate her virtues; her example may be the best instruction to me.

BLANDFORD.

I'm glad to hear you think so: I'll introduce you to her: from this time forward I shall look upon you, Adine, as a son whom fortune has thrown in my way, to make me amends for all the past unkindness; it is impossible to know without loving thee; your disposition is only too pliant and flexible; nothing therefore can be of more service to you than to keep company with a prudent and discreet woman, whose acquaintance will improve the goodness of your heart, and confirm you in your honesty, and love of justice, without depriving you

at

at the same time of that sweetness and complacency which I own I find myself deficient in: a woman of sense and beauty, who has nothing trifling or ridiculous in her, is an excellent school for a young fellow at your time of life; it will form your mind, and direct your heart; her house is the temple of honour.

A D I N E.

The sooner we visit it then the better; but her example is so uncommon, I fear I shall never be able to follow it.

B L A N D F O R D.

Why not?

A D I N E.

Because I like your's better: there is something in your virtue, though the external appearance has too much severity in it, that charms me: it must, I am sure, be good at the bottom: you have always been my favourite, but for Dorfise——

B L A N D F O R D.

[Going towards the door of Dorfise's house.

You must not indeed flatter yourself that you can at once be able to imitate her; but in in time you may: however, let me advise you to see Dorfise, and to avoid her cousin.

[He is going in, Collette comes out, stops him, and shuts the door; he knocks at it.

C O L-

COLLETTE.

You must not go in, sir.

BLANDFORD.

Not I?

COLLETTE.

No, sir,

BLANDFORD.

How's this, Blandford refus'd admittance?

COLLETTE.

My mistress, sir, is retir'd to her apartment, and
wou'd be private.

BLANDFORD.

I admire her delicacy, but I must go in.

COLLETTE.

Pray, hear me, sir.

BLANDFORD.

Not I: I will go in, and this minute too.

[He goes in.]

COLLETTE.

Stay, sir.

ADINE.

I'll follow her, and see the event of this strange
interview.

SCENE V.

COLLETTE.

[Alone.]

Now will he see her, and discover all: I'm fright-
en'd to death about it: 'twill be all over now with
my poor mistress: what a foolish woman to stipu-
late

late this secret marriage, and give herself to such a fellow as Bartolin: what will the malicious world say? well; women are strange creatures, that's the truth of it: nay, and so are the men too? what excessive weakness! to be sure my mistress is a fool; she deceives herself and every body else; and half her time is employ'd in finding out artifices to hide her indiscretion, and repair her reputation. She follows her inclination, and then has recourse to intrigue and management, and yet she takes no care of the main point: this is a cursed adventure for us, and a most unfortunate return: how will Blandford take the injury she has done him? here have we no less than three husbands in the house, two of them promis'd, and the other, I believe, absolutely taken: a woman in such a case must be a little hamper'd.

SCENE VI.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

O madam, what's to be done?

DORFISE.

Fear nothing; there are ways and means to dazzle people's eyes, to delay, and put off matters; men are easily manag'd, their weakness is our strength, and helps on our designs upon 'em: I have got myself out
of

of the worst scrape: our disagreeable interview is over and I have sent the good man, (God speed him,) into the country to his old crony Bartolin, who may lend him some money; at least I shall gain time by it, and that's enough.

COLLETTE.

But sure, madam, the duce was in you to sign that plaguy contract! what had you to do with Bartolin?

DORFISE.

The devil, my dear, is full of spite, that's certain: that fellow persecuted me so: but we tempt, and are tempted, and the heart easily surrenders: you know we heard that Blandford wou'd never come back again.

COLLETTE.

That he was dead.

DORFISE.

I was left without any support, money, or friends, and weak withal: all owing to the weakness of my sex, Collette; but our stars will prevail: 'tis often the lot of a beauty to marry a scab: my heart was severely attack'd.

COLLETTE.

There are certain seasons very dangerous to a prude: but if you must sacrifice to love, you shou'd have taken the chevalier, he is handsome.

DOR-

THE PRUDE.

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DORFISE.

O but I wanted a bit of intrigue and mystery, besides I am not fond of his character: but he is useful to me: he is my puffer, my emissary: he's a prate-apace you know, and can scatter reports about town for me that may be serviceable.

COLLETTE.

But Bartolin is such a villain.

DORFISE.

Yes, but—

COLLETTE.

And for his wit, I'm sure there are no charms in that.

DORFISE.

No: but—

COLLETTE.

But what?

DORFISE.

Fate, whim, caprice, my unhappy circumstances, a little avarice withal, and then opportunity—in short, I surrender'd, play'd the fool, and sign'd the contract. I kept, you know, Blandford's strong box, and after he was gone, gave away a little of his money for him—out of charity: who wou'd ever thought, that, after two years, he shou'd be constant to his old flame, and come back again to look for his wife and his strong box?

THE PRUDE.

COLLETTE.

Every body here said he was dead, and now he is not; the fellow's a fool, and stands in his own light.

DORFISE. [Resuming the Prude.

Well, since the man's alive, I must give him his jewels back: let him take 'm: but Bartolin has got 'em to keep for me; he fancies they are mine, holds 'em fast, and is fond of them and as jealous as he is of me.

COLLETTE.

So I suppose.

DORFISE.

Husbands, jewels, virtue, and character, how to reconcile you all, heav'n knows!

SCENE VII.

MONDOR, ADINE, DORFISE.

MONDOR.

I must drive away this powerful rival, who gives himself such airs, and despises me; positively must.

ADINE. [Coming in slowly.

What's this? I'll listen a little.

MONDOR.

In short, I must make myself happy, and punish his insolence: 'tis you, 'tis Dorfise alone whom I adore: let old Darmin enjoy his little coquette, they
are

are not worth our notice : but Blandford, the severe and virtuous Blandford, there I own I cou'd wish to triumph : he thinks you can refuse him nothing, because he is a man of honour and virtue : now to me these are the most disagreeable creatures in the universe ; indeed, my queen, you'll soon be heartily tir'd of him.

DORFISE.

[Prudishly, after looking stedfastly at Adine.

You are mistaken, sir : I have the highest respect and esteem for Mr. Blandford.

MONDOR.

There are those, madam, whom one may esteem, and yet laugh at, and make fools of : is not it so ?

ADINE.

[Aside.

Amazing ! she is constant and virtuous : doubtless she loves him : I am confounded : who wou'd have thought it ?

DORFISE.

What is he talking of ?

ADINE.

[Aside.

Dorfise is faithful, and, to complete my misery, she is handsome.

DORFISE.

[To Mondor, after looking tenderly at Adine.

He says, I am handsome.

MON-

MONDOR.

There he's right: but he begins to be troublesome: hark'ee, child, I have something to say to this lady in private.

ADINE.

I will retire, sir.

DORFISE. [To Mondor.

I say, sir, you are greatly mistaken.

[To Adine.

Stay you here, my dear.

[To Mondor.

How dare you sir, send him away?

[To Adine.

Come hither, child: he's almost ready to weep; the sweet boy! he shall stay with me: Blandford brought him to me; and from the first moment I took a fancy to him: I like his disposition.

MONDOR.

O let his disposition alone, for heav'n's sake, and attend to me: this Blandford, madam, I know you hate him: you have often told me he is brutal, jealous—

DORFISE.

[Angrily.

Never, sir.

[To Adine.

What age are you?

ADINE.

Eighteen, madam.

DOR-

DORFISE.

Such tender youth as thine requires the curb of wisdom to guide and direct it: vice is bewitching, temptations frequent, and example dangerous: a single glance may be your ruin; be upon your guard against women, nay, and against yourself, and dread the pois'nous blast that withers the sweet flower of virtue.

MONDOR.

Prythee, Dorfise, let the boy's flower alone: what is it to you whether it be wither'd or not? mind me, my dear.

DORFISE.

My God! his innocence is so engaging!

MONDOR.

'Tis a mere child.

DORFISE. [Coming up to Adine.

What's your name, my dear, and whence come you?

ADINE.

My name, Madam, is Adine; I was born in Greece: Mr. Blandford brought me over with Darmin.

DORFISE.

'Twas kindly done of him.

VOL. V.

H

MON-

MONDOR.

What a ridiculous curiosity! here am I making strong love to you, and you all the while talking to a child.

DORFISE.

[Softly.

Be quiet, you blockhead!

SCENE VIII.

DORFISE, MONDOR, ADINE, COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

Madam.

DORFISE.

Well!

COLLETTE.

They wait for you at the assembly.

DORFISE.

Well: I shall be there presently.

MONDOR.

Hang your engagement: I tell you what, my dear; you and I will put an end to these prudish meetings, these conspiracies against love, taste, and gayety: upon my word, child, it does not become a beautiful young creature, as you are, to go about declaiming against every thing that's joyous, amongst a parcel of toothless old beldames, that meet together in their gloomy vaults to weep over the pleasures of the living:

ing: but I'll go and rout these immortal tattlers, and stop their clack with a hundred bons-mots.

DORFISE.

For heav'n's sake, don't go and expose me there, I desire you; positively you shall not.

MONDOR.

Positively I will, this minute, and tell 'em you are coming.

[He goes out.

DORFISE.

The wild creature!

[To Adine.

Avoid, my dear, whatever you do, such fools as these: be prudent, and discreet: make my compliments to Blandford—what a piercing eye!

ADINE.

[Turning back.

Did you speak, madam?

DORFISE.

That sweet complexion! that ingenuous look! so charming! so modest!—I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you often.

ADINE.

I shall pay my respects, madam, with the greatest pleasure: madam, your servant.

H 2

DOR-

DORFISE.

Adieu, my dear child.

ADINE.

I don't know what to think on't : I cannot discover whether she deceives him or not ; all I know is, I love him.

SCENE IX.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE. [Looking after Adine.

What said he ? I love ! love whom ? perhaps the boy has fall'n in love with me ; he talks to himself, stops, and looks at me ; I have certainly turn'd his brain.

COLLETTE.

He ogles you most wonderfully, and looks with such tenderness.

DORFISE.

Is that my fault, Collette ? how can I possibly help it ?

COLLETTE.

Very true, madam : but danger approaches : I am terribly afraid of this Blandford's coming back again, and dread still more the savage resentment of Bartolin.

DOR-

DORFISE.

[Sighing.]

This young Turk's mighty handsome! do you think he is a Turk? that an infidel can have such softness in his manner, so fine a figure? I fancy I cou'd convert him.

COLLETTE.

I'll tell you what I fancy: that when it is discover'd you are marry'd to Bartolin, your reputation will be severely handled: Blandford will storm dreadfully, and your little Turk will be of no great service to you.

DORFISE.

Never do you fear.

COLLETTE.

I have long, madam, rely'd on your prudence: but Bartolin is a jealous brute, and what's worse, he is—your husband: 'tis really a melancholy case, and indeed rather singular: the two rivals, I am afraid, will be very untractable.

DORFISE.

O I can avoid them both: peace is the object of my wishes: it is my duty and my int'rest to foresee and prevent the ill consequences of a discovery; I have friends, men of merit and fortune.

COLLETTE.

Take their advice.

H 3

DOR-

DORFISE.

I intend it, immediately.

COLLETTE.

But whose?

DORFISE.

Why, let me see,—suppose I ask this stranger—
this little——

COLLETTE.

Ask his advice? the advice of a beardless boy?

DORFISE.

He seems to be very sensible, and if he is, why not consult him? let me tell you, young people are the best counsellors in things of this kind: he might throw some light on my affairs; besides, he is Blandford's friend, and I must talk with him.

COLLETTE.

O to be sure, madam, 'tis quite necessary.

DORFISE.

And as one talks over such things better at table, it wou'd not be amiss to ask him to dinner: what think you?

COLLETTE.

Softly there, madam: excuse me, but you who are so afraid of scandal——

DOR-

DORFISE.

I am afraid of nothing : I know what I am about : when once a reputation is establish'd, we may be perfectly easy about it : all the party will defend us, and cry out on our side.

COLLETTE.

Ay, but the world will talk, madam.

DORFISE.

Well ! for once we'll submit to the wicked world : I'll give up this innocent dinner, and not sharpen their malicious tongues : I'll talk no more with Adine, never see him again ; and yet, after all, what cou'd they say of a child ? but to chastity and virtue I will add the appearance of them also ; will observe decency and decorum : I'll do it in my cousin's name, and beg her——

COLLETTE.

An excellent contrivance ! a woman of the world has no reputation to lose ; one may put her name to ten billets-doux ; she may have as many lovers, as many assignations as she pleases : nobody's offended, nobody blushes, nobody's surpris'd : but if perchance a lady of honour makes a false step, it must be carefully conceal'd.

DORFISE.

A false step! I make a false step! thank heav'n! I have nothing to reproach myself with: to be sure I have sign'd, but I am not yet absolutely Mrs. Bartolin: he has a claim, and that's all; and perhaps I may find a method to get rid of my master: I have an excellent design in my head: if this handsome Turk has any inclination to me, I am satisfied every thing will go well; I am yet mistress of myself, and can terminate all happily: go you, and ask them to dinner: is there any harm in having an agreeable young fellow at one's table, and one that can give good advice too?

COLLETTE.

O excellent advice! nothing can be more proper: let us immediately set about this charitable work.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE.

IS not it he? how uneasy I am! hark! somebody knocks; he's come: Collette, hola! Collette: 'tis he.

COL-

COLLETTE.

No, madam, 'tis the Chevalier ; that impertinent coxcomb, who runs in and out, skips, laughs, prates, and flutters about perpetually ; he swears he will have a tête à tête with you ; and at last, between jest and earnest, I have drove him away.

DORFISE.

O send him to my cousin : I hate their insipid parties, their ridiculous prating and nonsense : dear Collette, preserve me from 'em.

COLLETTE.

Hush ! hush ! I hear somebody coming.

DORFISE.

O 'tis my sweet Greek.

COLLETTE.

'Tis he, I believe.

SCENE II.

DORFISE, ADINE.

DORFISE.

Pray come in : good morrow to you, sir : how I tremble ! pray, sir, be seated.

H 5

ADINE.

ADINE.

I'm quite confounded—I beg pardon, madam, I believe, another——

DORFISE.

Be not alarm'd, sir: I am that other: my cousin dines abroad to-day with Blandford: you must supply his place, and stay with me.

ADINE.

Supply his place, madam! who can do that? what passion can equal his, or who can exceed him in virtue, honour, and nobleness of soul?

DORFISE.

You talk of him with warmth; your friendship has life and spirit in it: I admire you for it.

ADINE.

'Tis a sincere regard, but an unhappy one.

DORFISE.

Tenderness is to the last degree becoming in youth like thine; virtue is nothing, if it is not link'd by the sacred bonds of friendship.

ADINE.

A D I N E.

Alas! if a natural sensibility is the infallible mark of virtue, without vanity, I may boast some degree of worth and honesty.

D O R F I S E.

A soul so noble deserves to be cultivated and improv'd; perhaps I was born to be the happy instrument: many a woman has long wish'd in vain to find a tender friend, lively, yet discreet, who possess'd all the graces of youth without its flighty extravagance; and, if I am not deceiv'd, in thee all those qualities are united: indeed they are: what lucky stars conducted thee to Marseilles?

A D I N E.

I was in Greece, and the brave Blandford brought me from thence; I have told you so twice already.

D O R F I S E.

Suppose you have, I could hear it again and again: but tell me, why is that fair forehead wrapped up in a turban? are you really a Turk?

A D I N E.

Greece is my country.

H: 6

D O R:

DORFISE.

Who wou'd have thought it? is Greece in Turkey then? O how I cou'd like to talk Greek with you! why you have all the sprightliness, all the natural ease of a true Frenchman: surely nature mistook when she made you a Greek: well, I bless Providence for throwing you thus amongst us.

ADINE.

Here I am, to my sorrow.

DORFISE.

And canst thou be unhappy?

ADINE.

Indeed I am so: but 'tis the fault of my own heart.

DORFISE.

Ay: 'tis the heart that does all the good and all the evil in this world: 'tis that which makes us both miserable: have you any engagement then?

ADINE.

I have indeed: a base intriguing woman has betray'd me: her heart, like her face, is painted and disguis'd: she is bold, haughty, and full of artifice; more dangerous, because she hides her vices beneath

neath the mask of virtue; how cruel is it that so false a heart should govern one who is but too honest!

DORFISE.

Some faithless woman! let us be reveng'd on her: who is she? of what rank? what country? what is her name?

ADINE.

That I must not tell you.

DORFISE.

Why so? I fear you have art too; the art of concealment: O you have every talent to please and to delight, young and discreet, beautiful and sensible: but I will explain myself: if, to make you amends for all the injuries you have receiv'd, you shou'd meet with a woman rich, amiable, admir'd, and esteem'd; one who had a heart constant, firm, and hitherto untouch'd, such as is seldom to be met with in Turkey, and seldomer perhaps in this country; if such a one cou'd be found, tell me, sweet youth, what think you? what wou'd you say to her?

ADINE.

I wou'd say—she meant but to deceive me.

DOR-

DORFISE.

Nay, that wou'd be carrying your distrust too far: come, come, be more confident.

ADINE.

Forgive me, madam; but the unfortunate, you know, are always a little suspicious:

DORFISE.

And what, for example, may your suspicions be whilst I am talking to and looking at you?

ADINE.

My suspicions are that you mean to try me.

DORFISE.

O the malicious little rogue! how cunning he is with that air of innocence: 'tis love himself just out of his childhood: get you gone: I am in absolute danger: positively I'll see you no more.

ADINE.

Since 'tis your order, madam, I take my leave.

DORFISE.

But you need not be in such a hurry to obey: come back, come back, I esteem you too much to
be

be angry with you ; but don't abuse my esteem, my sincere regard.

ADINE.

But you esteem Blandford : can one esteem two at the same time ?

DORFISE.

O no, never: the laws of reason and of love allow succession, but not division: you'll learn a great deal by living with me, child.

ADINE.

I have learn'd a great deal by what I see already.

DORFISE.

When heaven, my dear, makes a fine woman, it always at the same time forms a man on purpose for her: we go in search of one another for a long time, and make twenty choices before we fix on the right; we are always looking as it were for our counterpart, and seldom, very seldom meet with it—by a secret instinct we fly after true happiness; and she [*looking tenderly at him*] who finds you, need look no farther.

ADINE.

If you knew what I really am, you'd soon change your opinion of me.

DOR-

DORFISE.

Never.

ADINE.

If once you knew me, I'm sure you wou'd think me unworthy of your care: we should both be caught in the same snare.

DORFISE.

Caught, my dear, what can you mean? we're interrupted: O'tis you, Collette.

SCENE III.

COLLETTE, DORFISE, ADINE.

COLLETTE. [In a violent flurry.

Ay, madam, I could not help it; but there's a more impertinent visitor still a coming; Mr. Bartolin.

DORFISE:

Indeed! I did not expect him till to-morrow: the villain has deceiv'd me: return'd already!

COLLETTE.

Ay, madam, and here's another unlucky accident; the chevalier, that king of coxcombs, not knowing the master of the house, is disputing with him in the street, and keeps him there in spite of his teeth.

DOR-

DORFISE.

So much the better.

COLLETTE.

No, madam, so much the worse: for this blunderer, not knowing who he is talking to, laughs in his face, insists upon it that nobody shall come in here to-day; that every body shall be excluded as well as himself; that he's an impertinent rascal, and that you were engaged in your own apartment in a sober tête à tête with a pretty young fellow. Bartolin swears in wrath that he'll break the door down: Mondor splits his sides with laughing, and the other bursts with spleen.

DORFISE.

And I in the mean time am dying with fear. O Collette, what shall I do? what hole shall we creep out at?

ADINE.

What can this mystery be?

DORFISE.

The mystery is, that we are both undone: Collette, where are you going?

ADINE.

What will become of me?

DOR.

DORFISE. [To Collette.

Hark'ee: stay: what a time was this for him to return! [*to Adine*] you must hide yourself for to-night in this closet: you'll find a black sack there, wrap yourself up in it, and be quiet. My God! it is he, that's certain.

ADINE. [Going into the Closet.
O love, what do I suffer for thee!

DORFISE.

Poor lad! he's desperately fond of me.

COLLETTE.

Hush! hush! here he comes, your dear spouse.

SCENE IV.

BARTOLIN, DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE. [Meeting Bartolin.

My dear sir, heaven be with you! how late you are: you made me so uneasy, I was ready to die with fretting.

BARTOLIN.

Mondor told me quite another story.

DOR.

DORFISE.

It's all a lye, every syllable he says, a horrid lye: I think I ought to be believ'd first; you know I'm sincere: the fellow loves me to madness, and is piqued at my refusal of him: his eternal clack teizes me to death: I will positively never see him again.

BARTOLIN.

He seem'd to me to talk rationally enough.

DORFISE.

Don't believe a word he says.

BARTOLIN.

Well, well, I shan't mind him: I only came to finish our affairs, and to take some necessaries here out of the closet.

DORFISE. [In a persuasive tone.

What are you doing there now? come, don't go into a body's closet.

BARTOLIN.

Why not?

DORFISE. [After pausing a little.

Why, do you know, I had the same thought as you, and have been just putting my papers in order there,

there, so I sent for our old advocate, and we were consulting together, when he was taken with a sudden weakness.

BARTOLIN.

O nothing but old age, he's very old.

COLLETTE.

And so, sir, they took him in there to give him
a——

BARTOLIN.

Ay, I understand you.

DORFISE.

He's retir'd a little, and has taken a dose of my syrup: I suppose by this time he's got into a nap.

BARTOLIN.

That he is not, I'm sure, for I hear him walking about and coughing.

COLLETTE.

And wou'd you go to disturb an advocate in the midst of his cough?

BARTOLIN.

I don't like this: I'll go in.

DOR.

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DORFISE.

Grant heaven he may find nothing there: hark!
what do I hear! he cries out; murder! my poor
advocate's killed to be sure, and I am undone:
which way shall I fly? in what convent shall I hide
my shame? where shall I drown myself?

BARTOLIN. [Returning, and holding Adine by the arm.

O ho! my dear spouse that is to be: your advocates are mighty 'pretty figures: you have made a good choice, pick'd him out from the whole bar: come, my old practitioner, you must disappear from this court, and harrangue out at the window: away with you.

DORFISE.

My dear husband, do but hear me.

ADINE.

He her husband!

BARTOLIN. [To Adine.

Come, rascal! I must begin my revenge upon you, and curry you out of your insolence.

ADINE.

Alas! sir, on my knees I ask your pardon; indeed

deed I have not merited your resentment: when you know me, you will lament my fate: I am not what I appear to be.

BARTOLIN.

You appear, my friend, to be a scoundrel, a dangerous rival, and shall be punish'd: come along, fir.

ADINE.

Help, here, help! for heaven's sake, fir.

DORFISE.

He's mad with passion: help, neighbours, help!

BARTOLIN.

Hold your tongue.

DORFISE, COLLETTE, ADINE.

Help, here, help!

BARTOLIN. [Thrusting out Adine.
Come, fir, get out of my house.

SCENE V.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE.

What an unfortunate affair this is! he'll kill the poor boy, and me too perhaps.

COL-

COLLETTE.

To be sure nothing but the devil cou'd make
you sign a contract with such a wretch as this.

DORFISE.

The villain! go, Collette, this minute, to a justice, and get a warrant for him: charge him with—

COLLETTE.

With what, Madam?

DORFISE.

With every thing.

COLLETTE.

Very well, madam: but which way are you going?

DORFISE.

That I know not.

SCENE VI.

M. de BURLET, DORFISE, COLLETTE.

M. de BURLETTE.

Why, cousin, cousin, what's the matter?

DORFISE.

O cousin?

M. de

M. de BURLET.

One wou'd have thought you'd been robb'd and murder'd, or that your house had been o' fire: what a roaring and a noise here is, my dear!

DORFISE.

O cousin, I'll tell you the affair; but, for heaven's sake, keep my secret.

M. de BURLET.

I'm no keeper of secrets, cousin; but I can be as discreet as other folks upon occasion: what is this mighty affair of your's?

DORFISE.

The affair's a very bad one, I assure you; in short—I am——

M. de BURLET.

What?

DORFISE.

Promis'd in marriage, cousin.

M. de BURLET.

I know it, my dear—to Blandford: so much the better: I think it's a good match: I wish you happy, and intend to dance at your wedding.

D O R.

DORFISE.

O my dear, you're mistaken : Bartolin, who is now swearing below stairs, is the man.

M. de BURLET.

Indeed ! so much the worse : I don't approve of your choice ; but if it is done, it can't be help'd : is he absolutely your husband to all intents and purposes ?

DORFISE.

Not yet : the world is an utter stranger to it ; but the contract has been made a great while.

M. de BURLET.

O cancel it by all means.

DORFISE.

It will set the wicked world a talking : O cousin, I have been sadly treated. This vile man, you must know, found me with a young Turk, who was shut up in my closet, not with any bad design.

M. de BURLET.

O no to be sure ! pray, cousin, is not this a little out of character for a prude ?

DORFISE.

Not at all: it is a little faux-pas, a small weakness only.

M. de BURLET.

Well, I am glad you own so much: our faults are sometimes useful: this slip may soften your temper; perhaps for the future you will be less severe.

DORFISE.

Severe or not, for heaven's sake, cousin, get me out of this scrape, and save me from the tongue of scandal, and the violence of Bartolin; if possible, deliver the poor lad, who is scarce eighteen. O here comes my spouse.

SCENE VII.

BARTOLIN, DORFISE, M. de BURLET.

M. de BURLET.

What an uproar are you making here for nothing, only on a slight suspicion to put all her friends in such a taking: fy, Mr. Bartolin.

BARTOLIN.

I ask pardon, indeed, ladies, I am ashamed, and sorry I conceiv'd such suspicions; but appearances were

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were strong against her: how indeed cou'd I ever have imagin'd that this young fellow, for so I thought him, was only a girl in disguise?

DORFISE.

[Aside.

An excellent come-off.

M. de BURLET.

Mighty well indeed! so my lady here took a girl for a boy?

BARTOLIN.

The poor child is in tears still: by my troth I pity'd her: but why cou'd you not have told me who she was? why take a pleasure in trying my temper, and making me angry?

DORFISE.

[Aside.

Droll enough this! he has play'd his part well, however, to persuade Bartolin he is a girl, and get off so well: 'twas a charming contrivance: the dear little rogue! but love is a great wit. [*To Bartolin.*] Now thou abominable jealous wretch, answer me, how dare you thus affront my virtue? the poor little innocent confided in me: my cousin here knows how warmly I espous'd her cause, and protected her honour: you ought to have had a loose coquette, a jilt, for your wife; you deserve no bet-

ter, and I hope you'll meet with one: I'll expose you, sir, tho' I know it will cost me dear, but I am determin'd at all events to have the contract annul'd.

BARTOLIN.

I know upon these occasions women must cry: but prythee, my dear, don't cry so much: come, let us be friends; and let me desire you, madam, [*To Dorfise.*] to say nothing about this affair: I have some very good reasons for concealing it.

DORFISE. [*To M. de Burlet.*

Be silent, dear cousin, and save me: on no account mention it to the good Mr. Blandford.

M. de BURLET.

You may depend on't, I never will.

BARTOLIN.

We shall be greatly oblig'd to you.

SCENE VIII.

DORFISE, M. de BURLET, BARTOLIN, COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

Mr. Blandford is below, madam, and says he must come up.

DOR-

DORFISE.

O dreadful! this is my luck! always cross'd—

BARTOLIN.

But after all——

M. de BURLET.

Nay, nay, after what you have seen, and being guilty of so much injustice as you have, you have no business to give yourself airs: try what you can do—to obey.

SCENE IX.

DORFISE, M. de BURLET.

M. de BURLET.

I'm glad to see this affair has turn'd out so well however: to be sure your intended spouse is rather short-sighted: but between you and I, cousin, 'twas a strange choice this: and then to take a boy for a girl, at his age: well, husbands will be husbands still I find, always jealous, always laugh'd at, and led by the nose.

DORFISE.

[Prudishly.]

I don't understand this language, madam, nor have I deserv'd this treatment from you: surely you don't really believe that a young fellow was lock'd up in my closet?

M. de BURLET.

Indeed but I do, my dear.

I 3

DOR-

DORFISE.

What! when my husband told you to the contrary?

M. de BURLET.

Perhaps your spouse might be mistaken; he may have bad eyes: besides, cousin, did not you tell me yourself here in this very place, that a young fellow.——

DORFISE.

Ridiculous! what I, child, I tell you so? never: do you think I have lost my senses? indeed, cousin, you should take more care what you say: when once a woman's tongue has got a habit of talking thus lightly, and spreading scandalous stories, invented merely to calumniate and injure people, there is no end of it, but 'tis a hundred to one but she repents of it sometime in her life.

M. de BURLET.

I calumniate, I scandalise you, cousin?

DORFISE.

You, madam: I vow and swear——

M. de BURLET.

Don't swear, cousin.

DORFISE.

But I will.

M. de

M. de BURLET.

Fy, my dear, fy: come, come, I shall believe no more of the story than I ought to believe: take a husband, cousin, two if you please; deceive 'em both as well as you can; make young fellows pass for girls; on the strength of your character govern twenty families, and be call'd a woman of virtue; with all my heart, it will give me no uneasiness, you are extremely welcome: nay, I admire your management and discretion: 'tis your pride and glory to deceive the world, and mine to divert myself with it, without descending to falsehood: I live for my pleasure: adieu, my dear, my worldly weakness bends in all humility to your profound wisdom: dear cousin, adieu.

SCENE X.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE.

Now will that foolish creature go and pull me to pieces: my honour and my character are gone: the libertines will laugh at my expence: Dorfise will be the common butt of every satyrift: my name will be hitch'd into a hundred rhymes, and furnish matter for every sing-song in town: Blandford will believe the scandal, and Bartolin will cry for vengeance: how shall I stop the tongues of calumny?

two husbands and a lover in one day! what a deal one has to go through to be a prude! wou'd not it be better after all to fear nothing, to affect nothing, and be a plain woman of honour? well: one day or other I'll try to be one.

COLLETTE.

At least, madam, let us take care to appear as such; when we do all we can, you know, we have done enough; and she is not always a woman of virtue who wishes to be so.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

DORFISE.

O COLLETTE, I'm inevitably ruin'd; wou'd I cou'd see young Adine; he is so kind, and so sensible! he wou'd tell me every thing they do and say, and I might take my measures with him accordingly: my affairs wou'd at least be more settled, and I shou'd know what I have to depend on; what shall I do, Collette?

COLLETTE.

See him, and talk to him freely.

DOR.

DORFISE.

Right: towards evening: O Collette, if success
wou'd. but crown this mysterious affair, If I cou'd
preserve my reputation, and keep my lover, if I
cou'd but keep one of them, I shou'd be happy.

COLLETTE.

Ay, ay, one of them is enough o'conscience.

DORFISE.

But have you taken care the chevalier shall be
here presently; that he shall come privately; and,
according to custom, let every body know it?

COLLETTE.

O never fear, he'll be here I warrant you; he's
always ready, and fancies you have a passion for him.

DORFISE.

He may be of service: wise men in their designs,
the better to compass their ends, always make use
of fools.

SCENE II.

DORFISE, MONDOR, COLLETTE.

DORFISE.

My dear chevalier, come along: I have something
to say to you.

I 5

MON-

MONDOR.

You know, madam, I am the lowest of your subjects, your humble slave, your chevalier: what must I do? tilt for you? fight for you? die for you? spite of all your cruelty, I am ready: speak, madam, and it is done.

DORFISE.

And am I indeed so happy as to have charm'd the agreeable Mondor? but do you love as you ought to love me, with that pure and refined passion?

MONDOR.

I do; but prythee, my dear, don't be so formal; beauty is most engaging when it is easy and tractable: the excess of virtue is disgustful: in short, my dear, you want a little of my correction.

DORFISE.

What think you of young Adine?

MONDOR.

Who, I? nothing at all: his figure makes me perfectly easy, I assure you: Mars and Hercules were never jealous of Adonis.

DORFISE.

Well: I love your confidence, and shall reward it: the malicious world perhaps will tell you I am secretly engag'd; but 'tis false; believe 'em not: a
hundred

hundred lovers have ogled, and teis'd me, but I was born to be subdued by you, and you alone.

MONDOR.

That's more indeed than I cou'd flatter myself with the hopes of.

DORFISE.

To convince you of it, I promise to marry you as soon as ever you please: be prudent, and be happy.

MONDOR.

Happiness is enough for me, prudence we'll leave to another opportunity: but do not, my dear charmer, delay it: time you know is precious.

DORFISE.

But then one thing I must insist on from you.

MONDOR.

I am your husband, madam, and you may command me.

DORFISE.

You must take care that none of my troublesome visitors intrude on me to-night: the proud, peevish Blandford, my cousin, and her fool Darmin, with all their train of impertinent relations, must go somewhere else, for I positively will not be disturb'd by them; then, chevalier, at midnight, and not be-

fore, I'll meet you in the arbour; bring your lawyer with you, and we'll sign and seal.

MONDOR.

Transporting thought! how I shall triumph over that fool Blandford! well, I will so laugh at, so ridicule the poor creature.

DORFISE.

Be sure you don't forget to be at my window a little before midnight: away: be discreet.

MONDOR.

O if Blandford did but know this!

DORFISE.

Away, begone, or we shall be surpris'd.

MONDOR.

Adieu, my dear wife.

DORFISE.

Adieu.

MONDOR.

I go with rapture, to wait for the dear happy hour when prudery shall be sacrificed to love.

SCENE III.

DORFISE, COLLETTE.

COLLETTE.

Well, if I can guess at your design, hang me: 'tis a riddle to me.

DORFISE.

I'll explain it to you : I've made Mondor promise to tell nothing, but I know very well he'll tell all, that's enough : his tale will justify me : Blandford will think every thing mere calumny, and not know a word of the truth : to-day-at least I shall be safe ; and after to-morrow, if success crowns my designs, I shall be afraid of nobody.

COLLETTE.

Delightful ! I'm glad to hear you say so, and yet you put me in a horrid fright : are you sure, ma'am, the plan's well laid ? and that you won't, after all, fall into the snare yourself which you laid for others ? for heav'n's sake, take care what you do.

DORFISE.

O Collette, Collette, how strangely one slip brings on another ! we are led aside from error to error, and from crime to crime, till our heads turn round, and we fall down the precipice : but I have one string still to my bow ; I am sure of young Adine : the Chevalier comes at twelve, but my little lover will be beforehand with him : let him be here at nine, Collette, d'ye hear me ?

COLLETTE.

I'll take care of that, madam.

DOR-

DORFISE.

They take him for a girl, by his air, his voice, and his beardless chin; therefore tell him I'd have him dress himself in girl's cloaths.

COLLETTE.

An excellent scheme! heav'n prosper it!

DORFISE.

The boy may serve, you know, to dispel one's melancholy: but the great point I wou'd^r bring about is, to throw all the scandal upon my cousin, and to make Blandford believe that Adine came here upon her account; let him fall a dupe to his own credulity.

COLLETTE.

The fittest instrument you cou'd have chose: for he believes every thing that's bad of her, and every thing that's good of you: imagines he sees clearly, and at the same time is stark blind: I have taken care already to confirm him in the opinion, that our little coquette is in love with the boy, and not you.

DORFISE.

To be sure lies are bad things; but they are mighty serviceable sometimes, and do a great deal of good.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

BLANDFORD, DORFISE.

BLANDFORD.

O tempora! O mores! dreadful corruption indeed! to desire him to visit her! the poor simple ingenuous youth, she wants to draw him into a passion for her, and employs all the little subtleties, all the snares which love makes use of to catch unwary hearts.

DORFISE.

Well, but after all, Mr. Blandford, she may not have carry'd it so far as we imagine: I wou'd not do her so much injury as to suppose it: one shou'd not think evil of one's neighbour: to be sure things were in a fair way, but you know our French coquettes.

BLANDFORD.

Yes, yes, I know 'em.

DORFISE.

The moment a young man appears with an air of innocence and simplicity, they are after him.

BLANDFORD.

Yes; yes: vice, above all things, is fond of seducing virtue: but how, Dorfise, can you bear people of such character?

DOR-

DORFISE.

As patiently as I can, sir: but this is not all.

BLANDFORD.

Why, what, pray——

DORFISE.

O, sir, you have another tale to hear: do you know, these excellent contrivers wou'd endeavour to persuade the world truly, that the young fellow was brought in for me?

BLANDFORD.

For you?

DORFISE.

Yes; they say I wanted to seduce him.

BLANDFORD.

Well, that to be sure is ridiculous to the last degree: for you!

DORFISE.

Ay, for me, and that this pretty youth——

BLANDFORD.

That was really a fine invention.

DORFISE.

A better than they think for: O they have play'd me a great many such tricks: O Mr. Blandford, if you knew what I suffer! they'll tell you too I'm to be marry'd to that fool, Mondor, and this very night.

BLAND-

THE PRUDE.

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BLANDFORD.

O my dear Dorfise! the more thou art wounded by the envenom'd darts of slander and calumny, with the warmer zeal shall this heart, that adores thee, defend thy injur'd and unspotted virtue.

DORFISE.

You are deceiv'd, indeed you are.

BLANDFORD.

No, Dorfise: I think I know myself a little, and I wou'd have laid my life on't I saw your cousin ogling Adine this very day: let me tell you, it requires sense and understanding to be honest: I never knew a fool with a good heart: virtue itself is nothing but good sense: I am sorry for Darmin, because I really love and esteem him; 'twas against my advice he ventur'd to embark in such a leaky vessel.

SCENE V.

BLANDFORD, DORFISE, DARMIN, M. de BURLET.

M. de BURLET.

What? always dismal and solemn, full of spleen and rancour, grumbling and growling at all mankind, that either don't hear you, or if they do, only laugh at your folly? dear virtuous fool, finish
thy

thy soliloquies, and come along with me: I have just bought a few trinkets, you shall have some of them: come, we're going to Mondor's, he's to treat us; I have order'd him to get music, to purge your melancholy humours; and after that, my dear, I'll take you by the hand, and dance with you till to-morrow morning, [*to Dorfise*] ay, and you shall dance too, Mrs. Prim.

DORFISE.

Prythee, hair-brains, hold thy tongue: such things wou'd not become me; and besides, madam, you shou'd remember——

M. de BURLET.

None of your besides I beg you, madam: every thing is forgot; my philosophy is, remember nothing.

DORFISE. [*To Blandford.*

You see now whether I was right or not: your servant, sir: she really grows too scandalous, I must be gone.

BLANDFORD.

O stay, madam.

DORFISE.

No, sir: 'tis impossible: it hurts my soul, my honour——

M. de

THE PRUDE.

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M. de BURLET.

My god! talk less of honour, madam, and regard it more.

Dorise goes out.

DARMIN. [To M. de Burlet.

She seems out of humour: I fancy my friend Blandford begins to find her out.

M. de BURLET.

O all the world must talk of it: but Darmin and I say nothing.

BLANDFORD.

I fancy not indeed: you would hardly confess to me such folly and extravagance.

DARMIN.

No, sir; we wou'd not make you so unhappy.

M. de BURLET.

We know your humour too well, to make you still more miserable by reproaching you with your misfortunes.

BLANDFORD.

Go, go, hide yourselves both, and die with shame.

M. de BURLET.

Why shou'd we disturb at once the quiet of your whole life, by exposing Dorise, and making yourself a common laughing stock? no, sir; I own I
am

am light and airy, free, and familiar, but have yet some goodness in me, and am no busy-body: I shou'd see you deceiv'd a thousand times by your friend, and duped by your wife, hear your adventures chaunted thro' every street, nay sing 'em myself, before ever you shou'd hear a word from me: to tell you the truth, the two great ends I have in view, are peace and pleasure; I love myself, and therefore hate all idle reports and scandalous tales, true or false: live and be happy is my motto: and he, I think, is a great fool who makes himself miserable by the follies of others.

B L A N D F O R D.

Light unthinking woman! 'tis not the affairs of others, 'tis your own, madam, that now calls for your attention.

M. de B U R L E T.

Mine, sir?

B L A N D F O R D.

Yes, madam: 'tis you who are to blame, and highly too; you who seduc'd a virtuous youth, and then endeavour'd to lay the shameful intrigue on the innocent Dorcise.

M. de B U R L E T.

O the scheme is excellent: 'tis more than I expected: and so 'twas I, who sometimes——

B L A N D.

THE PRUDE.

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BLANDFORD.

Yes, madam, you yourself.

M. de BURLET.

With Adine!

BLANDFORD.

Yes.

M. de BURLET.

I am in love with him then?

BLANDFORD.

Most certainly.

M. de BURLET.

And 'twas I that put him in the closet?

BLANDFORD.

It was: the thing was clear enough.

M. de BURLET.

O mighty well! a lucky thought indeed! I admire the contrivance: O my dear, madman, what a mixture thou art of honesty and folly! the very model of Don-Quixote, brave, sensible, knowing, and virtuous, yet in one point an absolute fool; but for heav'n's sake take care how you recover your senses: believe me, 'twou'd be the worst thing you ever did in your life: well, folly has its advantages: adieu: come, Darmin.

SCENE

THE PRUDE.

SCENE VI.

BLANDFORD, DARMIN.

BLANDFORD.

Stay, Darmin, I have your honour and your interest at heart: I am angry, and I have reason to be so; in short, you must quit this artful woman, get out of the snare she has laid for you, despise her, or break with me.

DARMIN.

The alternative is a cruel one: I own to thee, I love my friend, and I love my mistress: but how can thy hard heart judge so uncharitably of all human kind: can't you see that this web of perfidy is woven by a base designing woman? that she deceives you, and wou'd lay the shame and ignominy on another?

BLANDFORD.

Dost not thou see, fool as thou art, that a vile scandalous abandon'd wretch has chose thee for her tool, her butt, her stalking horse, that, like an ideot, you bite at the hook; and that she is only trying to see how far she can exercise her tyranny over your easy heart?

DAR-

THE PRUDE.

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DARMIN.

Easy as it is, let me intreat you, ask the only witness who is able to determine it : I have sent for young Adine, he will tell you the whole truth of the affair.

BLANDFORD.

O yes: I doubt not but the jade has tutor'd her young parrot well, and taught him his lesson: but let him come, let him endeavour to deceive me; I shall not believe him: I see your intention, I see plainly enough, you want, by every artifice, to blacken and destroy my dear Dorcise, to draw me off to your niece, whose charms you have so often boasted: but you need not give yourself the trouble, for I shall never think of her.

DARMIN.

As you please for that: but indeed, Blandford, I pity your folly: to experience the falsehood of a perfidious woman, may perhaps be many a poor man's fate, and must be borne with; but really to lose one's money is a serious affair: this Bartolin, this noble friend of yours, has he refunded?

BLANDFORD.

What business is that of yours?

DARMIN.

I beg pardon, I thought it was; but I am mistaken: here comes Adine: I'll retire: let me inform you, if you distrust him, you are more in the wrong than you think for: he has a noble heart, and you may one day know he is not what perhaps he might appear to be.

SCENE VII.

BLANDFORD, ADINE.

BLANDFORD.

So! I see they are all resolutely bent to lead me by the nose: Dorise, thank heav'n, is of another nature; she says nothing, but submits to her unhappy fate without appearing too deeply affected by it; too confident, or too timid; she avoids me, and hides herself in retirement; such is always the behaviour of injur'd innocence. Now, young man, tell me the truth in every particular with sincerity; nature seems in you pure and uncorrupted; you know I love you; do not abuse my growing inclination to you, but consider that the happiness of my life is concern'd in this affair.

ADINE.

Indeed, sir, I love you too well to abuse or deceive you.

BLANDFORD.

Tell me then every thing as it pass'd.

ADINE.

ADINE.

First then, I assure you, that Dorfise——

BLANDFORD.

Stop there, you mean her cousin, I'm sure you do.

ADINE.

I don't, indeed, sir.

BLANDFORD.

Well, go on.

ADINE.

Dorfise then, I say, introduc'd me by a private door to her chamber.

BLANDFORD.

She did, but 'twas not for herself.

ADINE.

It was.

BLANDFORD.

No, child: 'twas M. de Burlet, you know it was.

ADINE.

I tell you, sir, Dorfise was positively in love with me.

BLANDFORD.

The little rascal !

ADINE.

The excess of her passion surpris'd and shock'd me: I was far from being pleas'd with it: nay, I assure you, I was angry at her: I was incens'd at her false-

hood ; and told her, if I had been like her, I shou'd have been more faithful.

BLANDFORD.

The villain ! how they have prepar'd him ! well, what follow'd ?

ADINE.

After this she grew loud and vehement, when on a sudden a violent knocking was heard, and who shou'd come in but her husband.

BLANDFORD.

Her husband ! O very well ! what a ridiculous story ! the chevalier, I suppose.

ADINE.

No : a real husband, I assure you ; for he was extremely brutal, and extremely jealous : he threatened to murder her, call'd her false, perfidious, infamous, and abandon'd : I expected to have been kill'd too, for he was in a dreadful rage with me, tho' for what reason I know not : I was forced to fall on my knees and intreat him to spare my life ; I'm sure I tremble yet at the thoughts of him.

BLANDFORD.

The little coward ! but this husband, what was his name ?

ADINE.

I don't know indeed.

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

A fine trick this!—what sort of a man was he? describe him to me.

ADINE.

He seem'd to me, as far as the horrid fright I was in permitted me to observe him, a fellow of a very disagreeable aspect, fat and short, like a turn-spit, flat nos'd, with a large chin, hunch-back'd, a yellow tann'd complexion, grey eye-brows, and an eye that look'd like—the devil.

BLANDFORD.

An excellent picture! how can I recollect him by all this? yellow, you say, tann'd, grey, short and fat: who can it be? but you only mean I see to laugh at me.

ADINE.

Try, then, sir, and prove me: to night, this very night, she has appointed again to meet me.

BLANDFORD.

Another appointment with M. de Burlet?

ADINE.

Still, sir, you will mistake the person.

BLANDFORD.

Not with Dorcise?

K 2

ADINE.

A D I N E.

With her indeed.

B L A N D F O R D.

With her?

A D I N E.

With her, I tell you.

B L A N D F O R D.

Amazing! you confound me! an assignation with Dorfise this night?

A D I N E.

This very night, fir, if you please, you may see me there: I am to go in girl's clothes, which she herself sent me; and to go in by a private door to your mistress, fir, your faithful, prudent, discreet mistress.

B L A N D F O R D.

This is too much; I cannot, will not bear it: which ever way I consider it, I fear she is disloyal: may I depend upon you?

A D I N E.

My heart is too deeply concerned for your interest and happiness to be insincere: your's I know is truth itself: indeed, Mr. Blandford, I love, and am faithful to you.

B L A N D F O R D.

The little flatterer!

A D I N E.

Can you doubt my honour?

B L A N D-

BLANDFORD.

Away, I——

SCENE VIII.

BLANDFORD, ADINE, MONDOR.

MONDOR.

Come, come, you make the guests wait, and stop the course of pleasure: why, you never wanted mirth and good company more in your life: to be sure your affairs go badly enough; you have lost your mistress, but never mind it: but you shou'd not have set up for my rival; I told you I shou'd gain the victory, and so I have.

BLANDFORD.

What wou'd you inform me of, friend?

MONDOR.

Nay, nothing of consequence, only that I'm going to be married to your mistress, that's all.

BLANDFORD.

O very well! I know that already.

MONDOR.

What! did you know that I was to carry the lawyer with me, and that——

BLANDFORD.

Yes, yes, I know it all, your whole plot, and I don't care a farthing about it: [*Aside.*] This boy has not learn'd half his lesson: hark'ee, fir, [*To Adine.*] This appointment and your's are a little incompatible; what say you to this, fir? does it strike you? either you endeavour to deceive me, or are deceiv'd yourself: but you are young in the school of vice; a heart like thine, simple and unexperienc'd, is an excellent instrument in the hands of a villain: alas! thou cam'st here but to make me miserable.

A D I N E.

This is too much, fir: take care lest your harsh temper, and ill-plac'd resentment, shou'd destroy that pity which still pleads for you; 'tis that alone which keeps me here: but go, run headlong to your ruin; listen to nobody, suspect your best friend, and believe only those who abuse you; accuse and affront me; but learn to respect a heart that, with regard to you, was never a deceiver, or deceiv'd.

M O N D O R.

Hear you that, fir? but thou art choaked with spleen; even children laugh at you; prythee learn to be wiser: come along with me, and drown all your cares in Greek wine: come away, boy.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

BLANDFORD, ADINE.

BLANDFORD.

Stay, Adine: thou hast mov'd me: thy concern alarms me: you know my humour, my folly, but you know my heart too, 'tis honest, and has only too much sensibility: you see how I am distress'd; can you take a cruel pleasure in laughing at my misfortunes? tell me truth, I conjure thee.

ADINE.

I know your heart is good, nor is mine less pure: never till this hour did I but once put on disguise; but with regard to Dorfise and yourself I have been honest and sincere: I own I lament in you that fatal passion which has blinded you, but 'tis a passion I know that will seduce the wisest of us all; love alone can set every thing right; that has taken away your sight, and that shou'd restore it to you.

[He goes out.]

BLANDFORD.

[Alone.]

What can he mean? love alone should restore it; he once put on a disguise, and yet he is sincere! I don't understand it; certainly 'tis all a trick, a plot only to make a fool of me: Mondor, Darmin, her

K 4

cousin,

cousin, Bartolin, Adine, Dorfise, Collette, all the world in short conspires with my own foolish heart to make me miserable and ridiculous: this vile world, which I despise as it deserves, is nothing but a confused heap of folly and wickedness: but if in this tempest of the soul I must say whether I will be knave or fool, my choice is made, and I bless my lot: O heaven! let me be still a dupe, but O preserve my virtue!

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

B L A N D F O R D. [Alone.

WHAT will become of me? where shall I fly for safety? my misfortunes follow one another without end: I go to sea, a pirate attacks and sinks my vessel: I come to land, and there I am told that an ungrateful woman, whom I ador'd, is a worse pirate still: a strong box, which I had left behind, is my only resource: a rascal promises to give it me back, and puts me off from time to time, and he perhaps may prove the third corsair: I am waiting for Adine, and he is not come yet; every body provokes, and every body avoids me: all perhaps

haps the consequence of my unhappy temper, that made me suspicious of every friend, and open to every enemy: if it be so, I am wrong, I own I am, and fortune has a right to sport thus with me: of what service is my melancholy virtue but to make me more sensible of my miseries, and more conscious of having deserv'd them? this boy too not come yet!

SCENE II.

BLANDFORD, M. de BURLET.

[Passing cross the stage.]

BLANDFORD. [Stopping her.]

Stay, madam, I beseech you stay, and calm, if possible, this tempest of my soul; for heav'n's sake, one word with you: where are you running to?

M. de BURLET.

To supper: to be merry: I'm in haste, sir.

BLANDFORD.

I know I affronted you, and you have reason to be angry; but forget and forgive.

M. de BURLET. [Smiling.]

O I have forgiven you a great while ago: I'm not angry, I assure you.

BLANDFORD.

You are too good : will your gaiety for once deign to interest itself in my distress?

M. de BURLET.

Gay as I am, Mr. Blandford, I assure you, I have friendship, esteem, and pity for you.

BLANDFORD.

You are sorry then for my unhappy fate.

M. de BURLET.

Your unhappy fate! yes : but more for your unhappy temper.

BLANDFORD.

You are honest, however, and truth you know, has always charms for me : but say, is Darmin a faithful friend, or does he deceive me?

M. de BURLET.

Darmin loves you, and possesses all your virtues with more softness and complacency.

BLANDFORD.

And Bartolin?

M. de BURLET.

You want me to answer for Bartolin too, and for all the world I suppose : excuse me ; Bartolin, for aught I know, is an honest cashier ; what reason have you to suspect him? he's your friend, and the friend of—Dorrise.

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

Of Dorfise? but tell me freely: cou'd Dorfise, cou'd she entertain a passion for a boy, and in so short a time too: and what is this lawyer that Mondor talks of; public report says he's to marry her.

M. de BURLET.

Public reports shou'd be despis'd.

BLANDFORD.

I am this moment come from her: she has sworn eternal truth to me: she has wept: love and grief were in her eyes: did they bely her heart? is she false? and is Adine—you laugh at me.

M. de BURLET.

I laugh at your ridiculous figure: come, come, take courage, man: as for the boy, take my word for it, he'll never forsake you; 'tis impossible.

BLANDFORD.

You give me comfort: the coxcomb, Mondor, is not worth my care; Dorfise loves me, and I love her for ever.

M. de BURLET.

For ever? that's too much.

BLANDFORD.

Not where one is belov'd; but then this Adine must be a base calumniator, must have a bad heart.

K. 6

M. de

THE PRUDE.

M. de BURLET.

O no: be assur'd, he has a noble mind, candid, honest, and ingenuous, the happy favourite of indulgent nature.

BLANDFORD.

You mock me, madam.

M. de BURLET.

Indeed I don't: 'tis truth.

BLANDFORD.

Now am I plung'd again in darkness and uncertainty; you sport with my distress, and take pleasure in tormenting me: Dorcise, or he, has deeply injured me: one of them, you must allow, has been a traitor to me; is it not so?

M. de BURLET.

[Laughing.

That may be.

BLANDFORD.

If it is, you see what reason I had——

M. de BURLET..

And after all it may not be so: I accuse nobody.

BLANDFORD.

I'll be reveng'd.

M. de BURLET.

Ridiculous! be less angry and more discreet: come, I'll tell you what, will you take the only sure method, one that I shall recommend to you?

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

I will.

M. de BURLET.

Then leave this dark mysterious affair to itself; make no bustle about it, but turn every thing, as I do, to a jest: take up your money of Bartolin, and live along with us without care or solicitude: never go too deeply into things, but float with me upon the surface; know the world, and bear with it; the only way to enjoy is to skim lightly over it: you look upon me as a giddy creature, and so I am; but let me tell you, the only matter of importance in this life, is to enjoy ourselves, and be happy.

SCENE III.

BLANDFORD.

[Alone:

To be happy! good! excellent advice! wou'd not one think now it were an easy thing, that one had only to wish for happiness, and possess it? wou'd it were so! and why should it not? why shou'd I take so much pains to make myself unhappy? shall I suffer this boy, and Darmin, and Mondor to distract me thus? no: I'll follow this giddy girl's advice; she's gay, but honest and sincere: Dorcise loves me, and I am yet secure: for the future, I'll see nothing, listen to nothing: they wanted to alarm

I

me

me with this Adine, to hood-wink, and then to lead me where they pleas'd ; but I'm not to be caught in their snares: Darmin is wrapp'd up in that niece of his, and wou'd fain palm her upon me ; but I detest her: ha! what's this?

[Adine appears in woman's cloaths at the further end of the stage.]

Yonder's that unhappy youth who has caus'd me so much uneasiness: he looks exactly like a girl: how genteel his air, and so easy too, as if the cloaths had been made for him! the face too is truly female.

SCENE IV.

BLANDFORD, ADINE.

ADINE.

Well, sir, you see I'm dress'd for my part, and now you will know the truth.

BLANDFORD.

I desire to know nothing more about it; I have heard enough; leave me I beseech you; I have alter'd my sentiments, and hate this disguise; go, go, put on your own habit, and trouble yourself no more with this affair.

ADINE.

What say you, sir? at last then I perceive it is not in my power to change your unalterable heart;

OF

or to reverse your cruel fate ; alas ! you know not the weight of grief that hangs upon me, but e'er long you will see the fatal effects of it : farewel ! I leave you, fir, for ever.

BLANDFORD.

What can this mean ? he weeps ! speak, I intreat thee, tell me, what interest hast thou in my happiness or misery ?

ADINE.

My interest, fir, was your's : till this moment never knew I any other : but I have been to blame, I try'd to serve you ; 'tis not the first time.

BLANDFORD.

The innocence of his look, his modest confidence, his voice, his air, his open and ingenuous behaviour, still plead for him—but the hour is past, when this intrigue you told me of was to take place ; I was to have been an eye-witness of it.

ADINE.

Hark ! I hear a door opening : this is the place, and this the time, when you shall be convinc'd who it is that loves you.

BLANDFORD.

Just heav'n ! is it possible ?

ADINE.

ADINE.

It is.

BLANDFORD.

Stay you here then : but 'tis all a trick, an artifice : Dorfise ! no——

ADINE.

Hush ! I hear a noise : it comes towards us : I'm frighten'd, 'tis so dark.

BLANDFORD.

Fear nothing.

ADINE.

Be silent : for I hear somebody coming : hush ! away.

SCENE V.

ADINE, BLANDFORD,

[on one side of the stage, which is suppos'd to be quite dark.

DORFISE, [on the other, on tiptoe.

DORFISE.

I thought I heard my charmer's voice ; how punctual he is ! the dear boy.

ADINE.

Hush !

DORFISE.

Hush, is it you ?

ADINE.

Yes : 'tis I : still faithful to my love : 'tis I who come here to prove that I have deserv'd a better return for all my tenderness.

DOR-

DORFISE.

I cannot give thee a better : you must forgive me ;
I wou'd not have made you wait so long, my dear,
but Bartolin, whom I did not expect, is return'd ;
in spite of all my care, he has got a fit of jealousy
upon him.

ADINE.

Perhaps he is afraid of meeting Blandford here :
he is a dangerous rival.

DORFISE.

Very likely indeed : O my dear, what with
Blandford, and my vile husband, I'm dreadfully
hamper'd : I don't know which I hate most : in
short, I'm sure of nothing, but that I love you.

ADINE.

You hate Blandford then heartily ?

DORFISE.

I think I do : fear naturally begets aversion.

ADINE.

Well, but your other spouse——

DORFISE.

O him I never think of.

BLANDFORD.

[Aside.

How I cou'd wish now——

ADINE.

ADINE. [Softly to Blandford.

Hush! hush!

DORFISE.

I have been consulting, my dear, about the contract: it certainly might be set aside: I wish it were, and then I might have hopes of another match.

ADINE.

What, of marrying me?

DORFISE.

I think the best way wou'd be for us to part for a time, to avoid scandal; and then meet, and be united by a sacred and a lasting tye.

ADINE.

A lasting tye! come then: let us be gone: but how are we to live?

DORFISE.

Your prudent foresight charms me: I always admir'd your discretion: you must know then, the fighting Mr. Blandford, an hero at sea, but an ar-rant blockhead at home, when he left Marseilles, to go after the pirates, most cordially and most affectionately consign'd to me, with his heart, his money and jewels also: as I was, like him, a novice in these affairs, I put them into the hands of my other husband; of him I must endeavour to recover 'em,
and

and assist Blandford: the poor man is honest, and shou'd live: away: let us part immediately, and take care nobody follows us.

A D I N E.

But what will the world say?

D O R F I S E.

O never heed it: I was afraid of its scandal before I lov'd: but now I despise it: I'll be a slave to none but thee.

A D I N E.

But me?

D O R F I S E.

I'll go immediately and get this strong box: that you know will be very necessary to us both: stay here, I'll be back in an instant.

S C E N E VI.

B L A N D F O R D, A D I N E.

A D I N E.

Well, sir, what think you now?

B L A N D F O R D.

Never did I behold such base such black ingratitude, such infernal falsehood: and yet, Adine, you see the force of powerful virtue, how its lively instinct speaks even in the most corrupted heart.

A D I N E.

ADINE.

How, sir, in what?

BLANDFORD.

You see the perfidious wretch durst not rob me of all, she talk'd of assisting me.

ADINE. [Ironically.

O yes, you are mightily oblig'd to her: have you never another strong box to entrust with this virtuous lady?

BLANDFORD.

Nay, do not laugh at me, Adine, nor plant such daggers in my heart.

ADINE.

I meant to heal and not to wound it: but can you yet admire her?

BLANDFORD.

No: she is loathsome: falsehood has robb'd her of every charm.

ADINE.

If, sir, I free you from her snares, may I flatter myself, that whilst you detest her vices, you will not forget my honest service.

BLANDFORD.

No, gen'rous youth! I look on you as my son, and my deliverer, the guardian angel, whom heaven.

ven hath sent down to preserve me ; the half of all I have will be but a poor reward for thy care and fidelity.

ADINE.

You must not know at present what reward I aspire to: but can your heart refuse the request which Darmin perhaps may make to you?

BLANDFORD.

Ha! thou hast remov'd the veil: I see, I see it all; but who, what art thou? are you indeed what you resemble?

ADINE.

[Smiling.

Whatever I am, for heaven's sake, be silent now: I hear Dorfise coming this way.

DORFISE. [With the strong box.

I've got the box, propitious love has favour'd my design: here, my dear, take it: away: let us be gone: have you got it fast?

BLANDFORD.

[Taking it from her, and counterfeiting the voice of Adine.

Yes.

DORFISE.

Come along then.

SCENE

THE PRUDE.

SCENE VII.

BLANDFORD, DORFISE, ADINE, BARTOLIN,
a sword in his hand, in the dark, he runs up to Adine.

BARTOLIN.

Stop, villain, stop! art thou not satisfy'd with robbing me of my wife, but must run away with my money too?

ADINE. [To Blandford,

Help! murther! help!

BLANDFORD.

[Fighting with one hand, and holding out the box to Adine with the other.

Take the box.

SCENE VIII.

BLANDFORD, DORFISE, ADINE, BARTOLIN,
DARMIN, M. de BURLET, COLLETTE, MONDOR,
with a napkin and a bottle in his hand. Flambeaus.

M. de BURLET.

What's the matter here! hui! hui! what, fighting too!

MONDOR.

Hold, hold, gentlemen, what is all this noise about?

ADINE. [To Blandford,

You're not wounded, fir, I hope?

DOR.

DORFISE. [In confusion.

Ha!

M. de BURLET.

What is the cause of this fray, gentlemen, pray inform us?

BLANDFORD.

[To Bartolin, after disarming him.

Nothing, madam: only this worthy gentleman, and trusty treasurer, this honest keeper of the strong box, has robb'd me of my mistress and my fortune: by the assistance of this amiable youth, I have detected their infamous designs, and recover'd my money: go, sir, I leave you to your miserable fate, to this virtuous lady: know, my friends, I have unmask'd their treacherous hearts; this villain——

BARTOLIN. [Going off.

Your servant, sir.

MONDOR.

A ha! what comes of my assignation now?

BLANDFORD.

O sir, they made a fool of you.

MONDOR.

And of you too, I think.

BLANDFORD.

They did so indeed: I feel it yet.

MON-

MONDOR.

Treated you like an idiot.

BLANDFORD.

Dreadful, horrible! O prudery, how I detest thee!

MONDOR.

Well, come, let us think no more of prudes, wives, or women, but go in and drink about; that's my way of drowning misfortunes: the man that drinks is never melancholy.

M. de BURLET.

I'm really sorry my cousin Dorcise shou'd behave so foolishly: to be sure 'twill set the world a talking, but 'twill be all over soon, and there's an end of it.

DARMIN.

Come, Blandford, banish sorrow, and for the future take care of a prude: but do you know this boy, who has restor'd to you your honour and fortune, and sav'd you from the dangerous precipice which your blind passion had led you to the brink of?

BLANDFORD. [Looking at Adine.

But——

DARMIN.

'Tis my niece.

BLAND-

BLANDFORD.

O heav'n!

DARMIN.

The very woman whom I so often propos'd to my deluded friend; who, deceiv'd by a faithless wretch, despised and hated all but her.

BLANDFORD.

How cou'd I injure, by an unkind refusal, so many charms! such beauty and such virtue!

ADINE.

You never wou'd have known me, if chance and my own constancy had not remov'd the veil of black ingratitude, and sav'd you from yourself.

DARMIN.

You owe every thing, your fortune, and your reason to her gen'rous love: what then is she to hope for in return? what will you do to make her amends?

BLANDFORD,

[Kneeling to Adine.

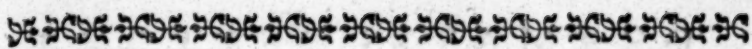
Adore her.

MONDOR.

This turn of affairs is as agreeable as it is surprising: we shall all be gainers by the change: away.

END of the FIFTH and last ACT.

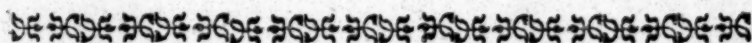
P A N.



P A N D O R A.

A N

O P E R A.



L 2

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROMETHEUS, a Son of Heaven and Earth, a
Demi-God.

PANDORA.

JUPITER.

MERCURY.

NEMESIS.

NYMPHS.

TITANS.

CÆLESTIAL DEITIES.

INFERNAL DEITIES.

P A N D O R A.

A N

O P E R A.

A C T I.

The scene represents a fine country, with mountains
at a distance.

S C E N E I.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS of NYMPHS,
PANDORA at the further end of the stage, ly-
ing down in an alcove.

PROMETHEUS.

IN vain, Pandora, do I call on thee,
My lovely work ; alas ! thou hear'st me not,
All stranger as thou art to thy own charms,
And to Prometheus' love : the heart I form'd
Is still insensible ; thy eyes are void
Of motion ; still the ruthless pow'r of Jove
Denies thee life, and drives me to despair :

L 3

Whilst

Whilst nature breathes around thee, and the birds
 In tender notes express their passion, thou
 Art still inanimate ; death holds thee still
 Beneath his cruel empire.

S C E N E II.

PROMETHEUS, the TITANS, ENCELADUS,
 TYPHON, &c.

ENCELADUS and TYPHON.

Child of Earth

And Heav'n, thy cries have rais'd the forest ; speak ;
 Who 'mong't the gods hath wrong'd Prometheus ?

PROMETHEUS. [Pointing to Pandora.
 Jove

Is jealous of my work divine ; he fears
 That altars will be rais'd to my Pandora ;
 He cannot bear to see the earth adorn'd
 With such a peerless object ; he denies
 To grant her life, and makes my woes eternal.

TYPHON.

That proud usurper Jove did ne'er create
 Our nobler souls ; life, and its sacred flame,
 Come not from him.

ENCELA.

ENCELADUS. [Pointing to his brother Typhon.
We are the sons of Night
And Tartarus :

To thee, eternal night, we pray,
'Thou wert long before the day ;
Let then to Janarus Olympus yield.

TYPHON.

Let the unrelenting Jove
Join the jealous gods above ;
Life and all its blessings flow
From hell, and from the gods below.

PROMETHEUS and the TWO TITANS.
Come from the center, gods of night profound,
And animate her beauty ; let your pow'r
Assist our bold emprise ?

PROMETHEUS.

Your voice is heard,
The day looks pale, and the astonish'd earth
Shakes from its deep foundations : Erebus
Appears before us.

[The scene changing represents Chaos ; all the gods
of hell come upon the stage.

CHORUS of INFERNAL DEITIES.

Light is hateful to our eyes,
Jove and heaven we despise ;

The guilty race, as yet unborn, must go
With us to hell's profoundest depths below.

N E M E S I S.

The waves of Lethe, and the flames of hell,
Shall ravage all : speak, whom must Janærus
In its dark womb embrace?

P R O M E T H E U S.

I love the earth,
And wou'd not hurt it: to that beauteous object
[Pointing to Pandora.
Have I giv'n birth ; but Jove denies it pow'r
To breathe, to think, to love, and to be happy.

The T H R E E P A R C Æ.

All our glory, and our joy,
Is to hurt, and to destroy ;
Heav'n alone can give it breath,
We can nought bestow but death.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Away then, ye destroyers, ye are not
The deities Prometheus shall adore ;
Hence to your gloomy seats, ye hateful pow'rs,
And leave the world in peace.

N E M E.

N E M E S I S.

Tremble thou, for thou shalt prove

Soon the fatal pow'r of love:

We will unchain the fiends of war,

And death's destructive gates unbar.

[The infernal deities disappear, and the country resumes its verdure: the nymphs of the woods range themselves on each side of the stage.]

P R O M E T H E U S. [To the Titans.]

Why wou'd ye call forth from their dark abyfs

The foes of nature, to obscure the light

Of these fair regions?

From hell Pandora never shall receive

That flame divine which only heav'n shou'd
give.

E N C E L A D U S.

Since, good Prometheus, 'tis thy dear delight

To scatter blessings o'er this new abode,

Thou best deserv'st to be its master: haste

To yon blest regions, and snatch thence the flame:

Cæstia! form a soul, and be thyself

The great Creator.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Love's in heav'n; he reigns

O'er all the gods: I'll throw his darts around,

L 5

And:

And light up his fierce fires: he is my god,
And will assist Prometheus.

CHORUS of NYMPHS.

Fly to th' immortal realms above,
And penetrate the throne of Jove;
The world to thee shall altars raise,
And millions celebrate thy praise.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

The scene represents the same country; Pandora inanimate reclin'd in the alcove; a flaming chariot descends from heaven.

PROMETHEUS, PANDORA, NYMPHS, TITANS, &c.

A DRYAD.

YE woodland nymphs, rise from your fair
abode,

And sing the praises of the demi-god;

Who returns from above
In the chariot of love.

CHO.

CHORUS of NYMPHS.

Ye verdant lawns, and op'ning flow'rs,
 Ye springs which lavish nature pow'rs;
 Ye hills that bear th' impending sky,
 Put on your fairest forms to meet his eye.

PROMETHEUS

Descending from the chariot, with a torch in his hand,
 Ravish'd from heav'n I bring to happier earth
 Love's sacred flame, more brilliant than the light
 Of glitt'ring day, and to Jove's boasted thunder
 Superior.

CHORUS of NYMPHS.

Go, thou enliv'ning animating soul,
 Thro' nature's ev'ry work, pervade the whole;
 To earth, to water, and to air impart,
 Thy vivid pow'r, and breathe o'er ev'ry heart.

PROMETHEUS,

Coming near to Pandora.

And may this precious flame inspire thy frame
 With life and motion! earth, assist my purpose!
 Rise, beauteous object, love commands thee; haste,
 Obey his voice; arise, and bless Prometheus!

[Pandora rises, and comes forward.

CHORUS.

She breathes, she lives; O love, how great thy pow'r!

P A N D O R A.

Whence, and what am I? to what gracious pow'rs
Owe I my life and being?

[A symphony is heard at a distance.

Hark! my ears

Are ravish'd with enchanting sounds; my eyes
With beauteous objects fill'd on ev'ry side:
What wonders hath my kind creator spread
Around me! O where is he? I have thought
And reason to enlighten me: O earth,
Thou'rt not my mother; some benignant god
Produc'd me: yes, I feel him in my heart.

[She sits down by the side of a fountain.

What do I see! myself, in this fair fountain,
That doth reflect the face of heav'n *? the more
I see this image, sure the more I ought
To thank the gods who made me.

NYMPHS and TITANS. [Dancing round her.

Fair Pandora,

Daughter of heaven, let thy charms inspire.
An equal flame, and fan the mutual fire.

* The original is,

"Le chrystal de l'onde est le miroir des cieux."

"The chrystal of this water is the looking-glass of heaven."
Which is, perhaps, describing Pandora as better acquainted with
looking-glasses, than one wou'd expect from a lady so lately born.

P A N D O R A.

What lovely object that way draws my eyes?

[To Prometheus..

Of all I see in these delightful mansions,
Nought pleases like thyself; 'twas thou alone
Who gav'st me life, and I will live for thee.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Before those lovely eyes cou'd see
Their author, they enchanted me;
Before that tongue cou'd speak, Prometheus lov'd
thee.

P A N D O R A.

Thou lov'st me then, dear author of my life,
And my heart owns its master; for to thee
It flies with transport: have I said too much,
Or not enough?

P R O M E T H E U S.

O thou can'st never say
Too much; thou speak'st the language of pure love
And nature: thus may lovers always speak!

D U E T.

God of my heart, eternal pow'r,
Great love, enliven ev'ry hour;
Thy reign begins, and may thy transports prove
The reign of pleasure is the reign of love!

PRO-

P R O M E T H E U S.

But hark! the thunder rolls; thick clouds of darkness,

As envious of the earth's new happiness,
Disturb our joys: what horrors throng around me!
Hark! the earth shakes, and angry lightnings pierce
The vault of heav'n: what pow'r thus moves the
world

From its foundations?

[A car descends, on which are seated Mercury,
Discord, Nemesis, &c.

M E R C U R Y.

Some rash hand hath stol'n:
The sacred fire from heav'n: to expiate
The dire offence, Pandora, thou must go
Before the high tribunal of the gods.

P R O M E T H E U S.

O cruel tyrant!

P A N D O R A.

Dread commands!

M E R C U R Y.

Obey:
Thou must to heav'n.

P A N D O R A.

I was in heav'n already,
When I beheld the object of my love.

P R O-

P R O M E T H E U S.

Have pity, cruel gods!

P R O M E T H E U S and P A N D O R A.

Barbarians, stay.

M E R C U R Y.

Haste, offenders, haste away,

Jove commands, you must obey:

Bear her, ye winds, to heav'ns eternal mansions.

P R O M E T H E U S.

[The car mounts, and disappears.]

The cruel tyrants, jealous of my bliss,

Have torn her from me; she was the lovely work

Of my own hands: I have done more than Jove

Cou'd ever do: Pandora's charming eyes,

Soon as they open'd, told me that she lov'd:

Thou jealous god! but thou shalt feel my wrath,

And I will brave thy pow'r: for know, usurper,

Less dreadful far will all thy thunders prove,

Than bold Prometheus fir'd by hopeless love.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

The scene represents the palace of Jupiter.

JUPITER, MERCURY.

JUPITER.

O Mercury, I've seen this lovely object,
Earth's fair production; heav'n is in her
eye,

The graces dwell around her, and my heart
Is sacrific'd a victim to her charms.

MERCURY.

And she shall answer to thy love.

JUPITER.

O no:

Terror is mine, and pow'r; I reign supreme
O'er earth and hell, and heav'n; but love alone
Can govern hearts: malicious, cruel fate,
When it divided this fair universe,
Bestow'd the better part on mighty love.

MERCURY.

What fear'st thou? fair Pandora scarce hath seen
The light of day; and think'st thou that she loves?

JUPI.

J U P I T E R.

Love is a passion learn'd with ease ; and what
Cannot Pandora do ! she is a woman,
And handsome ; but I will retire a moment,
Enchant her eyes, and captivate her heart :
Ye heav'ns ! in vain, alas ! ye shine, for nought
Have you so fair, so beauteous as Pandora.

[He retires.

P A N D O R A.

Scarce have these eyes beheld the light of day,
Scarce have they look'd on him I lov'd, when lo !
'Tis all snatch'd from me ; death, they say, will come
And take me soon : O I have felt him sure
Already : is not death the sudden loss
Of those we love ? O give me back, ye gods,
To earth, to that delightful grove where first
I saw my kind creator, when at once
I breath'd and lov'd : O envy'd happiness !
[The gods, with their several attributes, come upon
the stage.

C H O R U S of G O D S.

Let heav'n rejoice
At the glad voice
Of heav'n's eternal king.

N E P T U N E.

Let the sea's bosom—

P L U T O.

P A N D O R A.

P L U T O.

And the depths of hell—

C H O R U S of G O D S.

To distant worlds his endless praises tell.

Let heav'n rejoice, &c.

P A N D O R A.

How all conspires to threaten and alarm me!

O how I hate and fear this dazzling splendor!

Another's merit how can I approve,

Or bear the praise of ought but him I love?

The T H R E E G R A C E S.

Love's fair daughter, here remain,

Thou in right of him shalt reign;

Heav'n thy chosen seat shall be,

Earth in vain shall wish for thee.

P A N D O R A.

All affrights me,

Nought delights me,

Alas! a desert had more charms for me.

Hence, ye idle visions; cease

Discordant sounds,

[A Symphony is heard.]

And give me peace.

[Jupiter comes forth out of a cloud.]

Thou

J U P I T E R.

Thou art the best and fairest charm of nature,
 Well worthy of eternity : from earth
 Sprang thy weak body ; but thy purer soul
 Partakes of heav'n's unalterable fire,
 And thou wert born for gods alone : with Jove
 Taste then the sweets of immortality.

P A N D O R A.

I scorn thy gift, and rather wou'd be nothing,
 From whence I sprang : thy immortality,
 Without the lovely object I adore,
 Is but eternal punishment.

J U P I T E R.

Fair creature,

Thou know'st not I am master of the thunder :
 Can'st thou in heav'n look back to earth ?

P A N D O R A.

That earth

Is my abode ; there first I learn'd to love.

J U P I T E R.

'Twas but the shadow of it, in a world
 Unworthy of that noble flame, which here
 Alone can burn unquenchable.

P A N D O R A.

Great Jove,

Content with glory and with splendor, leave
 To

To earthly lovers happiness and joy :
 Thou art a god ; O hear my humble pray'r !
 A gracious god shou'd make his creatures happy.

J U P I T E R.

Thou shalt be happy, and in thee I hope
 For bliss supreme : ye pow'rful Pleasures, you
 Who dwell around me, now exert your charms,
 Deceive her lovely eyes, and win her heart.
 [The Pleasures dance round her and sing.

C H O R U S of P L E A S U R E S.

Thou with us shall reign and love,
 Thou alone art worthy Jove.

A S I N G L E V O I C E.

Nought has earth but shadows vain,
 Of pleasures follow'd close by pain ;
 Soon her winged transports fly,
 Soon her roses fade and die.

C H O R U S.

Thou with us shall reign and love,
 Thou alone art worthy Jove.

S I N G L E V O I C E.

Here the brisk and sportive hours
 Shall cull thee ever-blooming flow'rs ;

Time

Time has no wings, he cannot fly,
And love is join'd to immortality.

CHORUS.

Thou with us shalt reign and love,
Thou alone art worthy Jove.

PANDORA.

Ye tender Pleasures, ye increase my flame,
And ye increase my pain : if happiness
Is yours to give, O bear it to my love.

JUPITER.

Is this the sad effect of all my care,
To make a rival happy?

[Enter Mercury.

MERCURY.

Assume thy lightnings, Jove, and blast thy foe ;
Prometheus is in arms, the Titans rage,
And threaten heav'n ; mountain on mountain pil'd,
They scale the skies ; already they approach.

JUPITER.

Jove has the pow'r to punish : let 'em come.

PANDORA.

And wilt thou punish ? thou, who art the cause
Of all his mis'ries ; thou'rt a jealous tyrant :
Go on, and love me ; I shall hate thee more ;
Be that thy punishment.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

I must away :

Rive 'em ye thunder-bolts.

PANDORA.

Have mercy, Jove!

JUPITER. [To Mercury.

Conduct Pandora to a place of safety :

The happy world was wrapp'd in peace profound,

A beauty comes, and nought is seen but ruin.

[He goes out.

PANDORA. [Alone.

O fatal charms ! wou'd I had ne'er been born !

Beauty and love, and ev'ry gift divine,

Eut make me wretched : if, all-pow'rful love,

Thou did'st create me, now relieve my sorrows ;

Dry up my tears, bid war and slaughter cease,

And give to heav'n and earth eternal peace.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

The scene represents the Titans arm'd, mountains at a distance, with giants throwing them on each other.

ENCELADUS.

FEAR not, Prometheus, nature feels thy wrongs,
And joins with us in just revenge: behold
These pointed rocks, and shaggy mountains; soon
The jealous tyrants all shall sink beneath them.

PROMETHEUS.

Now, earth, defend thyself, and combat heav'n:
Trumpets and drums, now shall ye first be heard:
March, Titans, follow me: the seat of gods
Is your reward; be fair Pandora mine.

[They march to the sound of trumpets.]

CHORUS of TITANS.

Arm, ye valiant Titans, arm,
Spread around the dread alarm:
Let proud immortals tremble on their thrones.

PROMETHEUS.

Their thunder answers to our trumpets voice.

[Thunder is heard; a car descends, bearing the gods towards the mountains: Pandora is seated near Jupiter; Prometheus speaks.]

Jove

Jove gives the dreadful signal ; haste, begin
The battle.

[The giants rise towards heaven.

C H O R U S of N Y M P H S.

Earth, and hell, and heav'n confounded,
All with terrors are furrounded ;
Cease, ye gods, and, Titans, cease
Your cruel wars, and give us peace.

T I T A N S.

Yield, cruel tyrants.

G O D S.

Rebels, fly.

T I T A N S.

Yield, heav'n, to earth.

G O D S.

Die, rebels, die.

P A N D O R A.

O heav'n ! O earth ! ye Titans, and ye gods,
O cease your rage, all perish for Pandora :
O I have made the world unhappy.

T I T A N S.

Draw

Your arrows now.

G O D S.

G O D S.

Strike, thunders.

T I T A N S.

Hurl down heav'n.

G O D S.

Destroy the earth.

B O T H.

Yield, cruel tyrants—rebels fly——

Yield, earth to heav'n—die, rebels, die.

[A dead silence for a time; a bright cloud descends;
Destiny appears, seated in the middle of it.

D E S T I N Y.

Cease, hostile pow'rs, attend to me,

And hear the will of Destiny.

[Silence ensues.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Unalterable being, pow'r supreme,
Speak thy irrevocable doom; attend,
Ye tyrants, and obey.

C H O R U S.

Speak, the gods must yield to thee;
Speak, immortal Destiny.

D E S T I N Y.

[In the middle of the gods, who throng round him.
Hear me, ye gods; another world this day
Brings forth: mean time let ev'ry gift adorn

Pandora ; and you, Titans, who 'gainst heav'n
Have rais'd rebellious war, receive your doom,
Beneath these mountains sunk for ever groan.

The rocks fall upon them ; the chariot of the gods
descends to earth ; Pandora is restored to Prometheus.

J U P I T E R.

O fate, my empire yields to thee,
Jove submits to destiny :

Thou art obey'd ; but from this hour let earth
And heav'n be disunited : Nemesis,
Come forth.

[Nemesis advances from the bottom of the stage, and
Jupiter proceeds.

Nemesis, thy aid impart,
Pierce the cruel beauty's heart ;
My vengeance let Pandora know,
In the gifts that I bestow :

Let heav'n and earth henceforth be disunited.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

The scene represents a grove, with the ruins of rocks
scatter'd about it.

PROMETHEUS, PANDORA.

PANDORA. [Holding a box in her hand.

AND wilt thou leave me then? art thou sub-
dued,
Or art thou conqu'ror?

PROMETHEUS.

Victory is mine:
If yet thou lov'st me, Love and Destiny
Speak for Prometheus.

PANDORA.

Wilt thou leave me then?

PROMETHEUS.

The Titans are subdued: lament their fate:
I must assist them: let us teach mankind
To succour the unhappy.

PANDORA.

Stay a moment:
Behold thy vict'ry: let us open this,
It was the gift of Jove.

P A N D O R A.

P R O M E T H E U S.

What wou'dst thou do?

A rival's gift is dang'rous ; 'tis some snare
The god's have laid.

P A N D O R A.

Thou can'st not think it.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Hear

What I request of thee, and stay at least
Till I return.

P A N D O R A.

Thou bidd'st, and I obey:

I swear by love still to believe Prometheus.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Wilt thou then promise?

P A N D O R A.

By thy self I swear:

All are obedient where they love.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Enough:

I'm satisfy'd: and now, ye woodland nymphs,
Begin your songs; sing earth restor'd to bliss;
Let all be gay, for all was made for her.

F I R S T

FIRST NYMPH.

Come, fair Pandora, come and prove
An age of gold, of innocence, and love ;
And, like thy parent nature, be immortal.

SECOND NYMPH.

No longer now shall earth affrighted mourn,
By cruel war her tender bosom torn :
Pleasures now on pleasures flow,
Happiness succeeds to woe :
The flow'rs their fragrant adours yield ;
Who wou'd wither the fair field ?
The blest creation teems with mirth and joy,
And nature's work what tyrant wou'd destroy ?

The CHORUS repeats.

Come, fair Pandora, come and prove
An age of gold, &c.

FIRST NYMPH.

See ! to Pandora Mercury appears,
And ratify's great nature's kind decree.
[The nymphs retire : Pandora advances with Nemesis, under the figure of Mercury.

NEMESIS.

Already I have told thee, base Prometheus
Is jealous of thee, and exerts his pow'r
Like a harsh tyrant.

PANDORA.

O he is my lord,

My king, my god, my lover, and my husband.

NEMESIS.

Why then forbid thee to behold the gift
Of gen'rous heav'n?

PANDORA.

His fearful love's alarm'd,

And I wou'd wish to have no will but his.

NEMESIS.

He asks too much, Pandora, nor hath done
What thou deserv'st: he might have giv'n thee
beauties
Which now thou hast not.

PANDORA.

He hath form'd my heart

Tender and kind; he charms and he adores me;
What cou'd he more?

NEMESIS.

Thy charms will perish.

PANDORA.

Ha!

Thou mak'st me tremble.

N E M E S I S.

'This mysterious box
Will make thy charms immortal; thou wilt be
For ever beauteous, and for ever happy:
Thy husband shall be subject to thy pow'r,
And thou shalt reign unrivall'd in his love.

P A N D O R A.

He is my only lord, and I wou'd wish
To be immortal, but for my Prometheus,

N E M E S I S.

Fain wou'd I open thy fair eyes, and bless thee
With ev'ry good; wou'd make thee please for ever.

P A N D O R A.

But dost thou not abuse my innocence?
And can'st thou be so cruel?

N E M E S I S.

Who wou'd hurt
Such beauty?

P A N D O R A.

I shou'd die with grief, if e'er
I disoblig'd the sov'reign of my heart.

N E M E S I S.

O in the name of nature, in the name
Of thy dear husband, listen to my voice?

P A N-

248 P A N D O R A.

P A N D O R A.

That name has conquer'd, and I will believe thee.

[She opens the box; darkness is spread over the stage,
and a voice heard from below.

Ha! what thick cloud thus o'er my senses spreads.

Its fatal darkness? thou deceitful god!

O I am guilty, and I suffer for it.

N E M E S I S.

I must away: Jove is reveng'd, and now

I will return to hell.

[Nemesis vanishes: Pandora faints away on the grass.

P R O M E T H E U S.

[Advancing from the farther end of the stage.

O fatal absence! dreadful change? what star

Of evil influence thus deforms the face

Of nature? where's my Pandora? why

Answers she not to my complaining voice?

O my Pandora! but behold, from hell

Let loose, the monsters rise, and rush upon us.

[Furies and Demons running on the stage.

The time is come when we shall reign:

Fear and grief, remorse and pain,

From this great decisive hour,

O'er the world shall spread their pow'r;

Death shall come, a bitter draught,

By the Furies hither brought.

P R O.

P R O M E T H E U S.

That cruel guest shall pow'rs infernal bring?
And must the earth lose her eternal spring?
To time, and dire disease, and horrid vice,
Shall mortals fall a helpless sacrifice?

The nymphs lament our fate: Pandora, hear
And answer to my griefs! she comes, but seems
Insensible.

P A N D O R A.

I am not worthy of thee:
I have destroy'd mankind, deceiv'd my husband,
And am alone the guilty cause of all:
Strike; I deserve it.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Can I punish thee?

P A N D O R A.

Strike, and deprive me of that wretched life
Thou didst bestow.

C H O R U S of N Y M P H S.

Tend'rest lover, dry her tears,
She is full of lover's fears;
She is woman, therefore frail,
Let her beauty then prevail.

P R O-

P R O M E T H E U S.

Hast thou then, spite of all thy solemn vows,
Open'd the fatal box?

P A N D O R A.

Some cruel god
Betray'd me : fatal curiosity !
The work was thine : O ev'ry evil sprung
From that accursed gift : undone Pandora !

L O V E. [Descending from heav'n.
Love still remains, and ev'ry good is thine :

[Scene changes, and represents the palace of love.

Love proceeds.

For thee will I resist the pow'r of fate ;
I gave to mortals being, and they ne'er
Shall be unhappy whilst they worship me.

P A N D O R A.

Soul of my soul, thou comforter divine,
O punish Jove ; inspire his vengeful heart
With double passion for the blest Pandora !

P R O M E T H E U S and P A N D O R A.

Heav'n shall pierce our hearts in vain
With ev'ry grief, and ev'ry pain ;
With thee no pains torment, no pleasures cloy ;
With thee to suffer is but to enjoy.

L O V E.

L O V E.

Lovely hope, on mortals wait;
Come, and gild their wretched state;
All thy flatt'ring joys impart,
Haste, and live in ev'ry heart;
Howe'er deceitful thou may'st be,
Thou can'st grant felicity,
And make them happy in futurity.

P A N D O R A.

Fate wou'd make us wretched here,
But hope shall dry up ev'ry tear;
In sorrow he shall give us rest,
And make us ev'n in anguish blest:
Love shall preserve us from the paths of vice,
And strew his flow'rs around the precipice.

END of the FIFTH and last ACT.

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THE DORSET

LOVE

Love is the most precious gift

that God has given to man

and it is the only way

to reach the heart of another

and to win his love

is to be true to him

and to love him as he loves

us and to be true to our

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